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BY THE STUDENTS

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A TROUBADOUR OF THE PLAINS

By John A. Samis '35

I asked the old negro, "What is that bird that sing so well?"

He answered, "That is Rachel-Jane."

"Hasn't it another name — lark, or thrush, or the like?"

"No," he answered, "jus' Rachel-Jane."

THERE are thousands of poetry-lovers who have, through Vachel Lindsay, felt the stirring, mysterious, all-embracing Rachel-Jane personifies. charm which Whether or not any ornithologist has ever discovered the identity of Rachel-Jane is of minor consequence. Lindsay heard this bird sing, either in reality, or in imagination, and it inspired him with that jumble of feelings, that revel of beauty embodied in his lively humoresque, "The Santa Fe Trail." That he was filled with the joy of living when he wrote this poem requires no further proof than the reading of his pell-mell refrains; no further assurance than to sense the appealing whisperlines that are repeated twice-over in reference to the enrapturing songbird, Rachel-Jane. Whence did Lindsay draw all this life which he portrays? How did he manage to commune so closely with nature? The only answer to these questions is that he was the troubadour of the wide-open spaces, and not like the troubadours of old Provence who sought the banqueting halls of kings and queens.

If any poem may be styled realistic,

while being overshadowed by a romantic nightmare, then "The Santa Fe Trail" may be said to serve as a specimen of this kind. In its hundred and fifty-three lines there are many that are superbly romantic, and again many others that could have been developed only under the strange influence of an incubus with its dizzy, stuperying vaporings. What else could be expected? Lindsay, at the time when he wrote this poem, kept himself in the great outdoors on a jaunt from Illinois to New Mexico. No mere idle tramping characterizes this journey. For hitch-hiking there were chances enough. He tells about automobiles buzzing along the highways from every conceivable direction, but he was not out for speeding along the way; he was out for befriending nature by sleeping under starlit skies, in barns, under trees in fertile lands, and under sage bushes in the desert. No wonder then that he heard horns of every description, each sounding its own peculiar note; that he heard noises of the most spooky sort; and then again saw nature at its grandest, its best, its loveliest. If nightmare and romance would not alternately obsess the mind of a person under such conditions, then there are no chances for these sensations, opposite as they are by their very nature, to plague the mind of one and the same human being. They did plague Lindsay, however. He gave them every occasion for doing so, and he poured out the pleasing torments which they caused him in thundering lines, in prosy lines, in sweet lines, in rugged lines; in lines without rhythm and with rhythm. Yet, this work of his is popular; popular because it is humorous, democratic, and perhaps even beautiful.

Popular and democratic, what reasons are there to suppose that "The Santa Fe Trail" has these qualities? Plainly, it makes its appeal through simplicity of purpose. While many other poets try to stir the emotions of their readers by fanciful vagaries, with thoughts, dressed up dolllike in colors and tinsel, Lindsay, in this poem, displays the sheerest commonplaces, arrayed in carefree, every-day attire, yet devoid of vulgarity and the usual poetic make-believe. What he gives to his readers is nature in beauty and nature in the raw; one as a foil to the other. With a unique daring he violates every accepted canon of poetry and holds to his aim at scattering impressions of various kinds, but each kind is carefully selected and bundled in parcels to make a pleasing effect. This effect is never in doubt, but is always heightened until a climax is reached in one or the other of his racing refrains, be it a rapid enumeration of places, or things; or be it the big, loud horn through which nature speaks to those who will listen. If anything is associated with pleasure it is popular, and in Lindsay's lines, pleasure is present in plenty. Hence,

though strangely enough, the poem for a dozen reasons might be considered a complete failure, it has achieved remarkable success.

When there is talk of democracy in a piece of writing, its thoughts and diction naturally came in for consideration. The purely romantic and the really democratic are always associated. In a thoroughly romantic setting of which "The Santa Fe Trail" is an excellent example, Lindsay preaches his gospel of politics, religion, labor, and amusement to the American people, and he does so in that every-day, commonplace language which everybody can understand. His material is the simple things which daily life has to offer, but the simple with him turns into the sublime whenever nature indicates that this emotion is in place, and remains nothing but the simple when the beauty of simplicity imposes its demands. Has any poet, outside of Lindsay, ever made the plain rushing procession of automobiles a sublime picture? It will not be maintained without certainty that none other has ever tried it. Has any poet talked more beautifully about the commonly despised grasshopper than Lindsay does? Not even those poets who have made the grasshopper the special theme of their songs have succeeded in doing so. Glorifying the simple things of nature in beautiful diction, and then again exalting them to the acme of the sublime in rugged words that thunder along like boulders coursing down a mountain side could not fail to give Lindsay a call to appear as a reciter of his poem in the huge auditoriums in our largest cities.

That many people, even though they be lovers of poetry, will dislike "The Santa Fe Trail" is not at all surprising. Some

A TROUBADOUR OF THE PLAINS

will consider its peculiar refrains as nothing better than helter-skelter buffoonery. To those who like nothing better that regular verse forms, such as are supplied by Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, the jumble-tumble lines of Lindsay will be disgusting. Such individuals will likewise fail to find any poetry in Walt Whitman. There can be no reasonable objection to this attitude on the part of people; they have a right to their likes and dislikes. Lindsay has received both compliments and ridicule and that in great plenty on "The Santa Fe Trail." Those who ridicule him may not have that profound love for nature which he had, and those who compliment him may have eyes to see and ears to hear as he did. Ridicule, or compliment, however, will not destroy the position which Lindsay has obtained as one of America's leading poets. In a land which still has its frequent cyclones and still lingers in the close aftermath of the disappearing buffalo herds, the rugged poetry of Lindsay will hold a suitable place. For one thing, there is no imitation on the part of Lindsay. He is as original as bedrock, as original as the vast prairies through which he journeyed, as original as personality alone can be. Hence it is that in his "The Santa Fe Trail," Lindsay breaks with all past traditions in poetry. There is nothing foreign about it; it is as thoroughly American as the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island.

To illustrate the nature of "The Santa Fe Trail" more particularly it may be said to be as revolutionary in spirit as the fore-fathers of our country were in battle, as Webster was in his oratory, as Lincoln was in his zeal to do the right. Added to this, in order to make the poem typically American, there are the inventive spirit,

the keenness in business affairs, the mechanical mania, the bluster of politics, the wild social life, all of which ride along in a perfect melee of joviality on the great "Trail" to the joy and astonishment of the reader who is thoroughly acquainted with the American mode of living. If the poem will be read with the proper lilt of the lines as suggested by Lindsay himself, all these characteristics will be felt either in calmness, or beauty, or sublimity. break the trend of thought, the feelings that have been stirred, Rachel-Jane is introduced as a sedative, as a quieting influence to allow awakened emotions to subside. Perhaps the sweet song of this particular bird is the voice of the poet himself. Others who have read the poem declare that anyone who devotes his every effort to the spreading of the gospel of beauty is the personification of his own sweet singing little bird.

There are many who see in Lindsay nothing more than a self-constituted evangelist; one who entertains queer notions about religion and seeks to bring the world to think as he does. This is good and we'll enough if the charge implies preaching the gospel as found in nature's book, but not if aimed at revivalism, unless it be a revival of that love for nature which most people have lost in the turmoil and bustle of money-making. By far the most people who read "The Santa Fe Trail" will hear and feel only the heart-throb of a hidden, unpretentious voice singing the experiences offered by the wide-open, western plains to warm the hearts of a generation grown neurotic with dollar-chasing. One of the means to cure these folks is to bring them back to such quietude and restfulness that they, too, will hear and appreciate the song of Rachel-Jane.

The Pine and Oak by Glynn Kelley '35

Two trees stood stately on a hill,
An Oak tree and a Pine;
The Oak was tall and very proud
Because he looked so fine.

He shouted to the Pine one day
As Spring was near at hand,
"My buds are sprouting fast, you see,
While gloomily you stand!"

When Summer came, the Oak grew bold And jeered at neighbor Pine, "Your wretched needles! ah, you wish You had great leaves like mine."

Soon Autumn turned all leaves to gold,
Then blared again the Oak,
"I see you're scorned, but I'm admired
By town and country folk."

Then one by one the leaves fell off
And covered up the hill;
The Oak tree now stood bare and gaunt;
The Pine stood proudly still.

As days passed on, the Oak tree froze
At Winter's icy touch;
Then said the Pine tree, "Dear old friend,
You've talked, alas! too much."

A MODERN CINDERELLA

• By James G. Thornbury '35



Day. The younger generation, and many of the older as well, were just beginning to see light through the fog of the night before. Jerry Hamilton, a young Harvard graduate, a short-time resident of Fifth Avenue in the old university town, was one of the number trapped in that cheerless fog. His house party of the foregoing night had been the biggest success among recent social events — a success to every one but himself.

A novel sight one might have called

Jerry's lodging room on that morning of the first day of the year. A peep into that room would have revealed Jerry sitting up in bed with ice packs crowning his head, while he was holding a small, Frenchylooking telephone in his hand. He was trying to discover who the strange girl was that had been so friendly to him at the party. In his joyful, but slightly beclouded condition, he had given her no more attention than common courtesy required on the preceding evening. Now he felt that he wanted to know more particularly who she could have been. One by one, his chums replied with apologies to his insistent queries that they, too, had seen the girl, but had given her no more than passing notice because they thought that she was his friend. An old butler, Jennings by name, who happened to be waiting on Jerry, repeatedly urged him to lay aside the phone and rest. It would be as difficult, Jennings maintained, to stir people into giving intelligent answers over a telephone at any time on New Year's Day as it would be to snatch a particular spear of straw from a whirlwind. But Jerry would not be satisfied. To all urgings and pleadings, he replied:

"Jennings, she was unusual, I must find somebody who was at the party last night and knows something about her."

Over and over the bewildered butler

would turn the leaves of the telephone directory to satisfy Jerry's demands for another and then another call number of his friends. When at length all the numbers had been called without results, Jerry turned to Jennings and said:

Ring up Pat O'Doul again. I've something I want to say to him." This Pat O'Doul had been Jerry's roommate at College. In every way they were confidential friends, but O'Doul, though a jovial and good-tempered fellow, was no easy antagonist when roiled or disappointed. When he signalled his presence at the phone, Jerry blurted out:

"Hello, Pat, say, I want to tell you that I've called everybody you told me to call in regard to this problem I have on my mind — you know — ah, well, not one of the crowd can give me even the least clue. Now I want you to get over to my place as soon as possible. There's something I must talk to you about privately. Get me, do you? Come!"

Jerry hung up the receiver; told Jennings to remove the ice pack from his head, and to bring his slippers and smoking jacket. Having made himself presentable, he slumped into a cushioned chair and awaited the arrival of Pat. He did not have to wait long. A loud slamming of the door at the front of the house announced that Pat was at hand. Jennings hurried to accommodate the visitor by taking his coat and muffler, and then hurried out of sight as he knew very well that Jerry and Pat wanted to be alone.

"Don't tell me what you want to know," Pat started out blusteringly, "you want to bother me about that dame who is bothering you, don't you? I'm sure it's just that."

"It's just that, Pat," Jerry answered, "but listen to what I want to tell you.

There is something very unusual about that girl. I'm sure I don't have to tell you so. But what I want to say is that I was a fool for not taking note of what she said to me last night at the party."

"Fool for not taking note of what she said? Ha, fool you would have been, had you taken note!" Pat replied mockingly.

"Wait until you hear what she said to me, and then you can have your fling, Pat," Jerry countered quietly. "What she said to me is this, and she said it sweetly. 'Jerry' she almost whispered, 'I've seen you often before. I know that you and Pat O'Doul belong to Al Rinton's bankbreaking gang. I've liked you from the first time I met you. Pardon me for telling you what I want to say. You, Jerry, you could amount to something in society if you would only try. Why don't you get out of that gang while you still have a chance to do so.' Just then there was a noise of clicking glasses, and fool that I was, instead of taking to heart what she said, I took to carousing with the crowd. But in spite of all the rumpus and hilarity, the words she spoke to me have found their way into my mind, and there they stick. Do what I will, I can't shake them out of my head. Now what I want to tell you, Pat, is this. I'll quit the gang and go in search of that girl until I find her. What she said, I've been told many times before, but it didn't faze me. Now that she said it — oh, it is so different! An angel could not have spoken those words more sweetly."

"Jerry, you're a fool and a big one at that," Pat broke in, "you and I have been friends, but this talk of yours is too much. Have you really turned silly? I suppose that for the sake of that finical dame, you're determined to walk out of the gang and out of that job, too, which we're about

to pull a few nights from now. Pull yourself together, old boy, and stand by your guns. You're not a perfect fool yet, but you're surely headed in that direction if you fall out of line, remember." Pat fairly blazed while making these remarks.

Pat's words, however, together with all the heat he displayed could not turn Jerry's thoughts from the purpose he had set to himself. His mind was absorbed in his plan, and nothing could break the pleasant spell that had seized upon him. After a few moments of silence, Pat returned to the charge:

"Do you really mean to quit the gang, Jerry, and sidestep the coming job? Easy money, old boy! Remember, that painted angel you're raving about will not furnish it so easily. Speak up, and say what you'll do!"

These words coming from Pat stirred Jerry out of his revery. He now made it plain in very emphatic language that he meant to quit the gang and would bend all his efforts toward seeking out the one person who had given him encouragement to quit his wayward mode of living. Pat's reaction to Jerry's avowed intention showed itself in sullen anger. He was mad, raging mad.

"All right," he shouted turning a face red with excitement upon his former friend, "if you've got it in your crazy head to turn me and the gang down for a mere piece of skirt, I'm through with you. I'll stick with the boss, and it will not be long before you'll come back and lick my shoes for a little help. That silly dame you're looking for will bring you nothing. If you think that her numskull prattle about honorable living will fill your pocket-book, you're in for a disappointment — a deserved disappointment." While saying

these words, Pat reached for his coat. He did not wait for Jennings to assist him in getting on his togs. Hurriedly he left the room, slammed the door loudly to let Jerry know that between the two of them friendship was ended.

Jennings now came into the room and announced that dinner was served. Jerry, still half dazed from his interview with Pat, rose from his chair and walked dejectedly to the table. He had just begun to eat when Jennings interrupted him, saying:

"Sir, while brushing your tuxedo, I discovered this handkerchief in one of the pockets. Will you have it, or should it go to the laundry?"

Jerry took the handkerchief and was about to thrust it into his pocket when he noticed the initials "M.F.B." These letters arrested his attention. They were mere initials, but initials of names had whirled about in his head for hours on the afternoon of that day. Not being able to recall the name of any friend whose initials might be "M.F.B.," he felt chagrined, but resolved that he would find out at any cost to whom that handkerchief might belong. The incident had made him forget all about eating. Turning to Jennings, he said:

"Tell Marie to bring the drinks."

Marie, who was the maid of the house, entered from the kitchen bringing the drinks. Jerry watched her closely. He always watched her. There was something strange about her which always appealed to him. It was not charm or beauty that made her appealing; she appeared to be much older than Jerry. Perhaps it was her willingness to serve him that made her appealing, or it might have been a touch of maternal love. She had always acted like something of a mother to him. Jennings

had often taken note of this attraction between Marie and Jerry. Frequently he had been obliged to sit in the kitchen and listen while Marie told him what a wonderful man Jerry was.

While Marie was serving the drinks, Jerry mentioned his trouble to her concerning a mysterious girl whom he had met at his party on the previous evening. For some unaccountable reason, Marie got nervous as Jerry was speaking to her concerning this matter and accidentally tipped a glass of wine on Jerry's trousers. Quickly she drew a handkerchief from her pocket and tried to repair the damage. Jerry was about to fly into a fury when suddenly he was astonished to see the initials "M.F.B." on the handkerchief which Marie was using. He snatched it from her hand and gazed at it excitedly.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded roughly.

Marie looked frightened and seemed to tremble with fear while she was trying to explain. She had hardly stammered out a few puzzled words, when a loud slamming of the front door of the house brought relief to her predicament. Almost immediately Pat broke in on the investigation. As he came into the room, he roared in a staccato shout:

"Jerry — they've got our gang on that Wall Street job — they're hot on our trail. To clear myself — my only chance is to prove that I was here last night all the while. You've got to help — help me Jerry."

"I suppose we can fix that up, Pat, surely I'll help you," answered Jerry hesitantly. Then turning to Marie and Jennings, he said:

"You've heard what Pat O'Doul has to say, will you both give us a lift?"

Jennings at once nodded assent, but Marie seemed none too willing to help. Evidently she feared that compliance with Jerry's request would drag her into serious trouble. She demanded to know exactly what it was all about.

"It's a tough thing to go through with, but if that's the only condition you impose for giving help, well, then here goes," Jerry observed smilingly as he proceeded to tell Marie about Pat and the gang and himself.

While Jerry was explaining the situation to Marie, Pat was cursing this meddling maid under his breath. Jerry noticed Pat's vexation, but hurried on with his story. As he came to the end of what he had to say, he swore earnestly that if he could get out of the present difficulty and find the girl to whom the handkerchiefs marked "M.F.B." belonged, for surely she was the one who was worrying his mind, he would quit the gang and take to an honest and upright way of living.

At this moment the door-bell rang. It was the hand of the law closing the circuit. Two policemen were at the door whom Jennings admitted. As they walked up to Jerry and his companion in misery, one of the officers said:

"The jig's up, Pat O'Doul; you made a bad move when you came here. And you, Jerry Hamilton, you're in on this too."

Pretending ignorance and giving alibis were all in vain. After a half-hour's talk, both Jerry and Pat saw that they were getting nowhere. Just then something happened. Marie, who had left the room with Jennings, returned and called one of the officers by name desiring, as she said, to speak to him. The other officer continued questioning Pat and Jerry. After a few minutes, the policeman who had been with

Marie returned, gave a signal to his companion, and the both left without saying a word.

Jerry and Pat stood speechless with surprise at what was going on. Who was this maid anyway? What had she said to the officer of the law? She had been in the house but for a short time, and though she was appealing in her ways, yet no one had suspected that she had any influence outside of these, her simple and appealing ways. Thoughts of this kind were filling their minds when suddenly Marie came back and asked them to be seated as she had something to say to them. Immediately, Pat and Jerry began to shower her with questions. But Marie paid no attention to their inquisitiveness. She merely said in a pleasant way:

"Jerry Hamilton, didn't you say that if you could get out of this mess and find the strange girl who attended your party, you would quit the racket you're in and go into honest business?

"Exactly, and Pat is with me now, too, in turning a leaf for the better. How about it, Pat?"

By this time Pat was all eyes and ears. He consented willingly to Jerry's proposal.

"But where is that girl, Marie? Who is she? Where can I find her," Jerry continued excitedly.

"I am that girl," Marie answered shyly as she removed her house cap and wig she wore to disguise herself. She now rose went to the mirror, adjusted her hair and removed the makeup from her face. Then she turned to Jerry and Pat saying:

The initials on those handkerchiefs are mine. My name is Marie Florence Bannon. If you want to know more about me, well, I'll say that I'm a federal operator. I was

put on this job as a roper; hence I played the part of maidservant that I might keep an eye on you in particular, Mr. Jerry Hamilton. Since you engaged other maids to do the serving at your party last night and invited me to be one of your guests, I took the chance to appear as I am now. You didn't really recognize your supposed maidservant at the party. The girl you danced with and were looking for so eagerly throughout this day was nobody else but me. I found my first chance at the party to begin work on you, and I am happy now that I have succeeded in bringing you to your senses. The two policemen came to this, your home, upon my bidding in order to give you a taste of what will be in store for you if you will not mend your ways. All the while that I have been watching you, nothing took place that could incriminate you beyond the evidence that came from the mouth of Pat O'Doul. It is from his talk that I really found out that you belong to the bank-breaking gang, and it is from the fate of the gang that I meant to save you, for I soon learned to like you. If you had continued to live in your father's home instead of taking up lodging in a house of your own, my task would not have been so easy. But the way things stand, I could more readily be hired as a servantmaid and could play my part with greater success. Now remember the promise you have made to me if things would work out as they have. I could never like a crook, but an upright, honest man is my ideal. I hope you understand.

Now as for you, Pat O'Doul, I have no further evidence against you beyond what I heard you say in conversation with Mr. Jerry Hamilton. I knew that I could save you from the police by proving that you

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were present at the party last night, and that you had nothing to do for this time with the doings of the gang in the Wall Street robbery. I am heartily glad that you, too, have resolved to go along the straight road in future. I have heard you promise as much to Mr. Hamilton. Crooks will get the reward of crooks at the hand of the law sometimes. Bear this in mind. I am happy to think that I could save you both from the dole of crooks, and I feel

well repaid for playing the part of Cinderella in this house.

"Happy New Year to you, Miss Bannon," Jerry shouted and —

"Continue to call me Marie, and I shall call you Jerry," she returned.

Upon hearing these words, Pat O'Doul became a college boy all over again as he burst into the strains of the popular tune of the day, "Let's Give Three Cheers For Love."



Noon at Sea by G. W. Heinzen '35

Upon the blue fields of the brilliant sky,

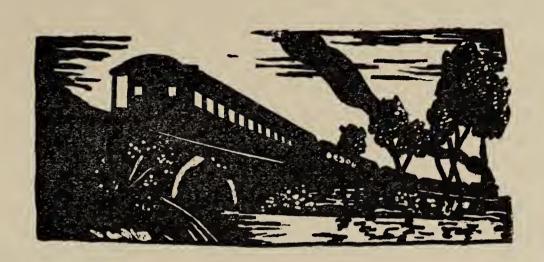
The fleecy flocks are grazing; while at hand
their shepherd watches them with glowing eye
lest one should stray beyond the pasture land.

The sounding deep below with billows crowned in frothy, glistening, Cytherean foam mocks all the bluing sky from bound to bound with tarnished image of the vaulted dome.

Far out upon the sea's encircling shores,
mirages play their pranks on canvas grand
in colors, forms, and types of manly chores,
such as castles here on mounds of sand;
there teeming cities with their strife and work
while in you haze, dread specter islands lurk.

ITS GLORY HAS FADED

By Aurele A. Dürocher '36



I am not a sentimentalist. Hard-boiled is what I look for in everything, and that from granite peaks of mountains down to hard-boiled eggs. Yet, I would make one exception in my peculiar categorical likes, and that is hard-boiled human beings. For that variety of creature, I do not care a snap. Let me see something hard-boiled in nature, however, or in work, and right then and there all my emotions fuse into one, that one, the most glorious of all, admiration.

When I was a mere boy, I saw a machine negotiating a steep grade. It was an engine, the kind called a locomotive. At its rear clanked a long line of heavy steel gondolas, more in number than I could count. The number of the engine, I could make out; it was Engine, No. 28. For me this great Engine was something alive. It came into my life as an ideal, as an instructor. All that was astonishing, mighty, and sublime was incorporated in its huge form. I emulated its seeming desire for work. Day by day, as it rolled over the track near my home, I stood at the latticed

fence which enclosed the yard at the front of my home and watched the powerful, black monster belch forth its clouds of smoke which sank down on me and enveloped me with feelings of boyish delight. To see others gaze at my favorite Engine made my heart leap with joy. At such times, I thought that others were thinking as I was. They also were surely admiring Engine, No. 28, and were regarding it as the most powerful thing in all this world. A greater joy I can hardly remember than that which came to me when I heard a railroad man say, "That Engine is the most hard-boiled fighter I've ever seen." On the spot, I wanted to shake hands with this good fellow. I had never before heard the word, hard-boiled, but from that day forward, everything that could properly be called hard-boiled stood ace high with me, and so it shall ever stand.

Before the day when first my favorite giant, Engine, No. 28, steamed up the grade that lies near my home, other engines, with much smaller loads at their

backs, had quailed before the task and lost much time in waiting for a booster to come to their aid. That my Engine, however, could never fail to climb that hill was clearly certain to me. I would have felt ashamed to doubt it. Every time I saw my pet black monster roar up that grade, I felt a thrill that made me jump up and down in sheer delight. Hot or cold, wet or dry weather; weather that brought snowdrifts or left the track clear made no difference to my favorite giant. Where other engines failed, my "hardboiled fighter" invariably conquered. If in those days I could have thought of an irresistible force striking an immovable object, I would not have hesitated to strike a bet, irrespective of the highest stakes, that the immovable object would get the worst of it at the stout cowcatcher of my steaming champion.

Outside of its other admirable qualities, Engine, No. 28, had speed. To see its great wheels tearing over the rails; to watch its sturdy pistons churn the steam to froth; to hear the roar of its whistle; to observe its massive weight sway from side to side as it thundered over the roadbed produced the impression on my mind that no other thing in this world could move from place to place more swiftly or more surely than this marvelous, hardboiled, mechanical beast, which carried crackling flames, boiling water, and noisy smoke in its iron entrails. Time, I thought, was no factor in the life of my noble Engine. It could surely outstrip vehicles of every kind on the run. Anything on feet or wheels could not dare to compete with it in speed. Then, on one day a sore disappointment came along to vex me terribly.

As usual I was standing at the latticed

yardfence looking with pride at my overgrown, iron horse rattle along with a train of cars seemingly without end, when suddenly a man on a motorcycle sped by over the smooth highway that ran parallel to the track and beat my Engine "all hollow" in what appeared to be a staged race. The sight of this happening made me feel sick, for I had been worked up to a most exalted pitch of enthusiasm while watching my great Engine display its calm, though hard-boiled power. At what I considered an outrage on the part of the man on the motorcycle, my face flushed with anger. For the moment, I thought the fellow ought to be arrested. I could have wished that all the evils in the world would overtake him. The thought that he, too, might be hard-boiled gave me no consolation, for I disliked people who showed this quality.

This single incident which had all the characteristics of a genuine humiliation about it for me was not the only bit of chagrin I was to bear. In the months that followed, I saw one automobile after another coming from nowhere, as it seemed, beat my "hard-boiled fighter" to the crossing that lay at the top of the grade. They were all bent on vexing me, of course, and on degrading my giant Engine. Beyond doubt, motorcycles and automobiles had executed this vexing prank right along, but I had been fortunate in not taking note of it. My great love for Engine, No. 28, had made me blind to anything outside of itself. In the down-and-out feeling that harassed me, I began to look for consolation among my playmates, other boys of my age. I fondly hoped that they, too, admired my heroic Engine and would be ready to explain away all my sore disappointment. They gave me no sympathy,

however, but merely laughed at me and told me to my face that passenger-train engines regularly outran Engine No. 28, which in reality was nothing more than a mere freighter. One point they were ready to concede, however, which added much to my contentment, namely, that no other engine was quite so strong as my big pet coal-eater.

To this one idea of strength I now pinned my hopes in favor of my greatly admired Engine. Of its speed I could no longer brag, but I could boast of its strength. It could work; it could do a lot of work. I wish that I would have known the saying at the time that genius is capacity for work. This statement would have gone far in the argument to silence those who ridiculed my odd attachment for a mere machine. The ridicule of others could not, however, abate the feelings of pride which I experienced when thinking of that miracle of strength, Engine, No. 28. In work that was given me to do; in tasks that were assigned to me, it came to my mind, heaving and snorting, while laboring tirelessly. In all things I wanted to be a power; I wanted to work and do a lot of work; my ideal Engine was my example in this desire. Others might choose human heroes for their examples; I wanted something hard-boiled, something that brooked no resistance, something triumphant as my ideal. But, as it had happened in the matter of speed with Engine, No. 28, so it was soon to happen in regard to its strength. My ideal was header for catastrophe.

On a particular day when my "hardboiled fighter" was nosing its way towards that grade near my home with the usual long line of steel gondolas following, there was a sudden noisy bumping, jarring, and

crashing. The entire train came to a stop. Something altogether unusual and unexpected had occurred. I was standing at my chosen place of vantage only to see what made my heart sink with regret. A curious-looking booster hurried down the grade, hooked up with the drawbar of my big black giant and pulled the entire train. engine and all, up that grade with surprising ease. I wondered what it all meant. Filled with excitement I hurried to the track where I encountered a section hand, who told me that Engine, No. 28, had broken down. I felt so sad at hearing this report that I could have wept. Above all, I feared that I should see my big favorite giant no more. My fears were only too well justified. For years afterwards, my heroic Engine was no longer lord of the rails. Daily in its place that ugly-looking electrical contrivance, called an electric engine, dragged the long line of gondolas past my home and up the neighboring grade. But that machine held no inspiration for me. I sorrowed for Engine, No. 28.

Later on I found that my old steam giant was still in service, but no longer as a liner; only as a switch engine in the railway yards. These railway yards lay fully five miles from my home, but I walked all that distance to pay a visit to my dear old friend. Really, in the yards I found Engine, No. 28, but our meeting was not an enjoyable one. There stood my "hard-boiled fighter," rusty, battered, neglected, and robbed of its one-time powerful cowcatcher. On sidings near at hand stood several passenger engines with fireboxes glowing and safety valves hissing. They were bright and clean and appeared to mock my dear old friend who stood there ashamed and dirty.

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Presently, however, I was delighted when I saw a swift stream-lined train shoot by and put all the proud passenger engines to shame likewise. That new "master of the rails" gave clear indication that not only the glory of my old "hard-boiled"

fighter," but also that of all steam engines was fading. The one thing left for me to do now was to choose another ideal in the labors and tasks of life. I shall, however, never forget my old giant "hard-boiled fighter."



Rest by A. J. Suclzer '35

With many gorgeous colors flung afar

That edge the clouds with mellow gold,

The Eye of Day flares on flame-sodden skies

While twinkling stars their forms unfold.

This beauty ravens up the thoughts of man

Which he has spent in worldly guile

And wrought in painful worry's useless toils

That on his face may rest a smile.

Now gentle sleep stalks in the wake of day,

Where aching hearts have braved the fray,

And brings such thoughts as sweetly play

Across the mind that felt the grieving thrall

Of gnawing worry's bitter call

And takes from life the cup of gall.

BY MEANS OF NERVE CONTROL

By Frederick Steininger '36

HARLES Blackstone, son of the faomous magician, Professor John Blackstone, will leave his father's trick stage this week and will embark upon a four-year college course." As Melvin Baliol finished reading this terse sentence, he tossed the feature section of the "Herald Post" in the general direction of the reading table. Burrowing himself deeply in the comfortable depths of a huge leather-covered chair. he concentrated his thoughts on the lines he had just read. "I wonder what college he is going to attend?" said Melvin to himself. "If he is as slick as people say he is. I'd surely like to meet him. In fact I'd like to be close to him. He'd probably drive a roommate crazy with his tricks and jokes, but at that, 'the game would be worth the candle.' Ah, he'd surely make it tough for sissy lads, but then they --." A classmate now interrupted his reveries. Something important was at hand, for the fellow rushed in red-faced and almost out of breath. It was Mark Slowane, who always did things in a hurry.

"Hey, Melvin," gasped Mark between breaths, come over to the Raleigh Hall as quick as you can. The crowd over there is getting up a welcoming committee for the gentle, little, fresh boys who have come to hang out at this place. Hurry up; I'll be seeing you." Mark turned to leave, but Melvin halted him, saying:

"Just a moment, Mark, did you read

this in the "Post" about Professor Blackstone's son leaving for college?"

"No, probably it's just a publicity gag."

"I don't know, it sounds like the real stuff all right. Here read this," Melvin urged.

Mark gave the news item a hurried glance and said, "Boy, if ever he comes to this place, nobody will have a good or clean shirt left for a prom; and the fun that lad would have with everybody here is beyond guessing."

"That's what I was thinking," said Melvin putting on his jacket. "But we'll see about that if he should happen to come our way. Well, let's get going on that bit of business you proposed."

Sophomores at Seymore College, Melvin and Mark were inseparable whenever there was any kind of tomfoolery on tap. Both clearly remembered their experiences as freshmen and rejoiced in the thought that now the time had come for them to pass on their revenge to the helpless, unlucky newcomers at Seymore. The committee which they resolved to organize was to be nothing less than a full-fledged group of hardy hazers. It did not take long to bring this committee together and to set it into action. By less than half an hour later, a band of sophomores was gathering behind a hedge which bordered the street leading away from the Administration Building of the college. Very soon they

noticed newly-arrived young men, freshman written all over their faces, glancing furtively about as if they feared that something might be in store for them. The hazing conspirators knew that these poor fellows would very quickly be fuel for the fire.

"Hey, fellows," suddenly hissed Melvin, "look what the wind is blowing in."

The others with him glanced up the street and got a glimpse of what they were waiting for.

"Talk about raw meat," said Mark, "it's coming right up our alley and all alone too. Duck, fellows, the prey is coming close."

Sauntering slowly in their direction, came the prey — the raw meat — they were expecting. Almost like a specter, slight of build, prominent teeth, horn-rimmed glasses, carrying a load of books under his arm strolled along a young man wearing a flashy Park Avenue hat. Anybody could have guessed correctly by noting the complacent look on the fellow's face and by listening to the lilting tune that he was whistling, that any idea of danger was far removed from his mind.

As the 'freshie' came within the danger zone, Mark swerved right into his way and with a saucy swing knocked the neat fedora from his head into the gutter. The victim gasped, shivered, trembled as he saw a menacing crowd closing in on him from all sides. In his surprise, he thought their number was legion. Adding to his fright was the bellowing voice of Mark which fairly took him off his feet:

"What's the idea of the fancy crown, freshie?"

At these words, the unfortunate victim

opened his mouth as if he would speak, but no sound was heard.

"Didn't your royal cuteness know that freshmen wear no hats?" Mark continued.

"N—No, sir, I didn't," the victim managed to mumble after a few preliminary gulps.

"Well, ignorance is bliss, but it's no excuse," answered Mark, and then turning to his cohorts gave orders:

"Truss him up, boys, we'll give him the teaser."

The 'sophs' were more than willing to obey this command. Wondering all the while what 'the teaser' might be, they followed Mark, who led the blindfolded 'freshie' down the street until they came to the B. &. O. Railroad tracks. Here Mark stopped the procession and turning to the helpless 'freshie' explained:

"My little cherub, here is the end of your journey. In case you don't know where you are, I shall whistle the patter. Know now, and know it clearly that you stand on the main line of the B. &. O Railroad. I and the others who are with me just happen to remember that we have to go back to the college for a few minutes. To keep you safe during the time we are gone, we shall tie you across the track. There is a train due at ten-fifteen, and it's just ten o'clock now. We'll try to get back in time, but if we don't, well —"

Leaving his ominous words unfinished, Mark tripped the 'freshie,' pulled him over the railway switch, well out of the way of the main line, and ordered his confederates to tie the fellow securely to the rails. Then with a chorus of 'Good-bye's,' they left him to a seemingly horrible fate. They did not go far, however, but secreted

themselves in some near-by shrubbery and awaited developments.

As the 'sophs' lay there in concealment and suspense, Mark's ingenuity began to appear less amusing than had at first been expected. The moon had risen and seemed to wear a threatening expression on her face; a slight breeze stirred creepily through the shrubbery and blew mournfully across the tracks; the neighboring, rippling Pawpaw river murmured dolefully as it flowed along. One and all, things took on a terrifying appearance for the hazers and gave them as much painful fright as they sought to inflict on their victim who was lying there tied to the rails of the switch.

"Gee," whispered Melvin, "what if the train should take the switch?"

At these words the crowd began to stir uneasily as the horrible picture suggested by these words passed before their minds. But Mark came to the defence of his masterpiece of trickery. He almost spoke loudly as he said:

"What! Are you softies getting scared at a little joke? The express train never takes the switch, why should it do so tonight?"

This outburst renewed the confidence of every one excepting Melvin, who retorted:

"Yes, but there's a first time for everything."

"Aw, pipe down on that stuff," hissed Mark, "I'm the one who thought of this trick, and you don't see me worrying."

The sound of a train whistle was now heard at a distance to the great excitement of the 'sophs.' Presently the rails began to hum in steady cadence and seemed to say, "Look out! Here comes the train! It's going to take the switch!" The faint light of the approaching loco-

motive quickly grew into a piercing beam. With a roar the train sped by leaving in its wake gleaming sparks, the smell of oil, and clouds of smoke, all of which shook the hiding sophomore-tricksters to their very souls. The last coach of the flying train hardly passed when all in the group of hazers rushed to the switch as if impelled by invisible strings. There on the rails before them lay a motionless figure still bound. At once they hurried to untie the ropes and ordered the fellow to get up. But he did not respond to their command; he lay there as dead.

"He just passed out," said Mark with a forced air of bravery. "Carry him over to the river and toss some water on him."

But five minutes of water-tossing, wristrubbing, and shaking did no good. Panicstricken, the 'sophs' began to look at one another, while the motionless figure lay there and mocked them with glassy eyes.

"I'm going for help," cried Melvin as he vanished in the darkness.

After what seemed hours to the others, a physician came on the scene in response to Melvin's call. He made a cursory examination of the young man, and then shook his head with a serious look at the excited 'sophs.' Taking the look of the physician as an indication that the worst had happened, they all began to explain at once:

"We tied —"

"We thought he —"

"It was just a trick —"

"We didn't mean to —"

"You don't think he's —"

"Just a minute, boys," interrupted the physician, "one at a time."

The boys all looked at Mark, who by this time was wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Excitedly he blurted out: "It was a joke, a mere joke, Doctor. We tied him to the switch and made him believe it was the main line. He could not tell the difference as we had blindfolded him. We just wanted to see the fun when the train passed him."

With a sterner look than before, the physician confronted the boys. His glance traveled from one to the other in the entire group. Every one of them trembled with fear at the thought of being accused of murder.

"Should I call an ambulance?" asked Mark in a weak voice.

"Well," answered the physician, "I think it best to call a coroner."

"But nobody did anything," shouted Mark hysterically. "You see, we just tied him to the switch, and the train never touched him. Oh, what are we going to do?"

Shaking his head sorrowfully, the physisian replied:

"Young man, if you had the least bit of psychological sense about yourself, you would know the effects of fright on some people. Have you not read of the Turk who was to be beheaded and fell dead as someone slapped a wet towel across his neck, thinking as the fellow did, that it was the blow of the ax? Or surely, you have heard of the Englishman, who was to be branded to make him confess his crime, and who fell dead of heart failure as some one rubbed him with a piece of ice, believing as he did that it was the branding iron that was sizzling his skin?"

Again the physician turned to the victim. He found the body stiff as a board as he tried to lift it. Letting it fall with a dull thud, he exclaimed:

"Rigor mortis! I shall send for the coroner at once."

As the physician left the scene, Mark began to moan and presently fainted away. As the others revived him and pulled him to his feet, he stared at the victim and shouted:

"Look, Look, he's moving!"

At these words the freshman jumped up and said, "Heavens, but I'm sorry that I scared you all so badly! I just wanted to have some fun."

Several of the 'sophs' started to run away when the words of one supposed to be dead rang in their ears, but the physician's loud laugh brought them back in eager curiosity to see what had happened.

"That's the last joke you fellows will attempt for quite a while," said the physician still continuing his ironical laughter.

"Listen, fellows, I want to explain this situation," now began the victim of the hazers. "I'm Charles Blackstone. This trick of playing dead is one that I've performed many a time while touring the country with my father who is famous as a magician. Perhaps you've heard of magician Blackstone? Now, I shall not enter upon any technical explanation of my trick; all I'll say is that it is done by means of nerve control. I'm sure that I turned the tables on you fellows, and my only regret is that I waited so long before ending the show. I really did not want to scare you all so badly."

At these words of Charles Blackstone, the sophomores, one and all, felt completely squashed. Only Mark Slowane had to give vent to his embarrassment by saying to his friend, Melvin Baliol, "Wow, boy, that was a fast one! I think that it will be best for us in future to find out exactly beforehand what sort of 'raw meat' we plan to put in the spits here at Seymore."



The Gay New Year by E. Maziarz '35

Though evils come in time, In time they also go; Sorrows quickly flee before their foe Who comes as Joy. Time changes all. Before its stern command, The twelve old Months With all their sorrow, strife, and sad regret Must yield their place To one who turns the last leaf of the calendar To find a new page, clean and white, On which he writes a name Which signals death to all that's past and gone. This name does not a volume close, But stands for one as author of a book unknown, Which he designs to fill with records fair That shall do honor to his name, The Gay New Year.

Hark, the peal of bells
As in salute they greet that name!
And now the "rosy-fingered Morn"
Unbars Aurora's gates to light the way
Of this, the first day of the year,

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For him who comes to bring twelve months
Of days and hours filled with health and joy
And loved prosperity. This is the Gay New Year,
Who in exuberant glee,
Turns towards this world
His cornucopia's ever widening mouth,
From which may roll such plenty,
That profusion and abundance,
Such as in times now past were hailed with joy,
May be but words both meaningless and obsolete
When brought into comparison
With that gorging fullness
Which within a twelve-month space
He, who holds the magic wand (the Gay New Year,)
Will work with skillful wizard's touch.

Then, if man will not forget his God,
But will incline a willing ear to Sabbath chimes
And will return for welfare adoration's dole,
He may in hope proceed to challenge duty's call
With such results that he will have
What ne'er shall turn to dust —
A greater, sweeter love for his Creator grand
With greater, sweeter love for all his fellowmen.

With prospects then of mighty worth
So near at hand,
May each burn upward towards that point of bliss
Which shines above the door of every home;
And may each play the game of life beyond all sham,
For play man must, both in the New
As well as in the olden Year,
But if his stakes be ever more than pelf,
Then he may clasp with thanks the happy hand
Of him who comes,
The Gay New Year.



THOSE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By Charles A. Saffer '35

have somewhere heard it said that a teacher asked a third-grade class to tell what New Year's Day signified. Much to the teacher's surprise, the dunce of the class raised his hand. The teacher gave a nod of recognition. Immediately the little fellow was on his feet and answered clearly that New Year's Day means the making of New Year's resolutions. As the dunce of the class, he gave an answer that is thoroughly in accord with the dunceness of a vast number of grown-up people. With them resolving is a habit that goes into effect whenever the hand on the artificial dial of time comes to the first one in the circle of days which make a year. Their resolves, however, and that most commonly, have no further purpose than to die in oblivion, or to be unresolved as soon as convenient.

To watch people go cautiously about making resolutions which they know will never be kept is as amusing as vaudeville. They have picked up some vague notion of what ought to be done about a certain orneriness in their conduct. These notions have come to them through reading one or the other book filled with ideal schemes for correct living, or through some enthusiastic speech which has more flamboyant ideals than practical human sense in it. They have discovered, however, to their utmost satisfaction that they have faults and foibles that are hateful now

that they know them, and they fear, above all, that these peccadillos in their conduct will be distasteful to others. In reality, and that in most cases, the little imps that are to be slain by resolutions are as harmless as batting one's eyelids. Attempts are always made to strain at gnats, but camels are too big to be handled.

Thus I have met with people who resolved on New Year's Day never to give pain to any of their fellowmen, but as soon as they received a berating, they returned the dose in double measure. Others would ne longer eat with their left hand or with their knife when at table, but they found their resolutions spoiling their appetites. College students, while reflecting on their failures and the waste of time during the early part of the scholastic year, most commonly make their New Year's resolutions three-ply strong and usually stuff these resolves with the finest of good, golden intentions to utilize study periods to the best of advantage during all future times, only to find themselves, all too soon, brooding over the happy days of the past Christmas vacation. What is the result? With a grunt of disgust, they sink into their chairs and fall asleep. The stuffing in their resolutions was nothing more than sandman's sand.

Altogether comical is an instance which I recall concerning a mother who told her children very earnestly that she had made

a New Year's resolution to punish them severely if they continued to muss up the house. For one day only did the resolution go into effect. During the other three hundred and sixty-four days of that year the resolve was not so much as remembered, let alone being put into effect. This mother's resolution was much like that of a six-year old girl, who having heard of the beautiful practice of making New Year's resolutions, informed her parents that she would abstain from candy for all the New Year. On the day following the festival itself, she was discovered chewing candy as lively as ever. When told that this meant breaking her resolution, she coyly answered that she could eat candy now, for the New Year was already past.

Almost ridiculous is the New Year's resolution to quit smoking when made on the part of one with whom the habit has become inveterate. It will only require a day or two for this kind of fellow to become a total wreck. Nervousness, restlessness, floor-pacing, coming to his wit's ends are the furies that pursue him until despair overtakes him. He frets, he fumes, he stews, but all his quirks avail him nothing. He becomes a nuisance to himself, and a burden to others. Finally, he gives over the struggle only to find himself feeling very foolish when again he puffs his first cigarette and sees his glorious resolve going up in smoke. Before a man knows for certain that he is sufficiently boss of himself to say, "With bread to eat, with water to drink, and with my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy in the midst of the things of this life," he should not think it possible for himself to lay down an ingrained habit over night. Circumstances may arise when this has to be done, but until grave danger is imminent, one should

proceed slowly and with sense like in all things.

To guard one's speech is urged in maxims that go back to the twilight of human history. Speech should be slow to permit the thought of the difficulty of doing what is said to outrun one's words. It is beneficial to remember that "we promise according to our hopes and perform according to our weakness." Though there may be much real nonsense in many New Year's resolutions, there may also be much good in such as touch a man's welfare very closely. Yet, why should one wait until New Year's Day before making a resolution that is praiseworthy and even necessary. If a person, however, feels that a definite starting point will give him courage and determination to carry out what has been resolved upon, then it will be better to choose some such definite day than never try to mend his way. But serious resolutions, and to these belongs the curbing of speech, must be safeguarded by stern precautions, and dare not be allowed to run along the lines followed by the fellow who resolved to lay aside profane language saying as he did,

"I'll never again, from this New Year's Day forward, speak a bad word, d— it."

If every one who knows his mind would also know his heart, there would be far more self-knowledge in general among people than there is or ever was. It is said that the head is ever the dupe of the heart, and this may be the reason that so many unintelligent resolutions are made at a season of rejoicing and emotional exaltation such as the New Year's celebration is by its very nature. On the first day of each year, it has become customary to show good cheer and to renew the good feeling towards others that was awakened at Christmas time. It is that cheer and good

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feeling that everybody desires to have for all future times. Hence it is that people will begin to bethink themselves as to the causes of their individual unhappiness. Since everybody has this or that fault or bad habit which interferes with his happiness, he will, in a moment of joy, resolve to lay that fault or habit aside. At times the resolution is successful; more often it is unsuccessful — unsuccessful because he merely affected to lay his pet failing aside, or because it was nothing more than a social foible that he was attacking. In either case he makes himself ridiculous, for as it is said, "We are never so ridiculous from the habits that we have as we are from the

virtues that we affect to have."

Yet, there is this to be said about New Year's resolutions in particular and about resolutions in general. If a resolve is in place, and it always is when there is question of evil habits, then it should be made on New Year's Day or preferably at any such time when a person feels strong enough to keep it. But the usual inclination to the preposterous, which is said to be so habitual in human life, should be sidetracked. If this is not done, then resolutions, one and all, the New Year's kind included, will soon find their way on the siding, and will leave in their place nothing but "hypocricy to pay homage to virtue."

Beat --- Beat by I. Gedden '37

Like the sundial towards the sun,
Man's own heart should turn towards God;
Then all alone in beat on beat
'Twill follow ways most safely trod.

Then, too, the many trials of life
Man's own heart can bravely bear,
For without haste, nor fast nor slow,
It holds to joy and shuns despair.

Then as at length that grand hour comes
In which its beating takes an end,
'Tis God Himself restores those works
Which for their strength on Him depend.

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• Literature in Education

• If We Had An Aristotle

Literature, as a study, has become an integral part of the curriculums of high schools and colleges.

Literature Its importance has in Education spread world-wide.

The fact is that of all

items in school curriculums, literature is the oldest. It has never lost its interest to those who wish to become educated, for, to any one who wishes to achieve facility in speech and in writing, things that are fundamental to any and every kind of education that a person might want, a knowledge of literature is a help of incomparable value. It has about itself a normalizing influence on man's nature that is hard to supply from any other source, except it be religion.

In exercising this normalizing influence on man, literature mainly takes into account his emotional complex. It designs to awaken and regulate human emotions by showing how man has been swayed either for better or for worse by giving rein to his passions, or by imposing restraint upon them. Bit by bit, literary productions of the really worthy kind show the student how the puzzle of human life is to be solved, namely, what reaction he has on others with whom he makes contact, and how others will react upon him. By what other means, excepting religion,

could a student learn in a better and more ready way that essential philosophy of human life which consists in knowing how to look at life and to accept its burdens? Entering into the experiences which the greatest and most thoughtful writers of the world have left to him in their books, he will find that wholesome lesson which will teach him that even lawful things must be only moderately enjoyed; that stern repression of emotional urges must be exercised in the face of unlawful things, and, that in connection with both these forms of conduct, he must be ready to meet that share of suffering which is unavoidably associated with life in this world. He will also learn that the disagreeable things of life, together with their tale of woe and hardship, can be greatly diminished by virtuous living.

In all these matters he will learn from literature that the ideal is more inspiring than the real; that the romantic is more lovely than the naturalistic; that the more an awakened and artistic imagination sheds its glory on life the greater will be the pleasure and warmth of living.

To say that the intellectual side of man's life has no part in literature would mean to deprive this art of its sparkle and brilliancy. To maintain, however, that intellectual antics are the chief aim in the production and study of literature would be as incorrect as to say that man is actuated

more by intellectual calculations in life than by emotional impulses. In human life, it will always be the passions that run ahead of the intellect and will urge man to action; and though the intellect must step in to govern and regulate these passions, they will always appropriate to themselves the larger share of human life. Hence it comes that the great things in this world are monuments to man's emotional striving, and to these great things literature itself belongs, but at the same time it holds the office of teaching how emotional activity should be regulated for man's lasting advantage.

J.G.S.

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The one man to whom the world has accorded the title, "The Man Who Knows"

is Aristotle, that phil
1f We Had osopher of giant mind who lived a little more than two thousand

years ago. What a boon would it not be to the world if his duplicate could be found thoroughly alive at the present day! We can easily picture him, that is, an "Aristotle Redivivus," as a dominant figure in the affairs that harass people so much throughout all this modern world. If time could not kill the memory of the first Aristotle, then surely problems could not kill his re-incarnate self. Grave problems there were for people more than two thousand years ago, and history tells how Aristotle of old coped successfully with these problems. For evident reasons his influence in the affairs of the world in his day could not be as extensive as it would be at present, but it made itself felt profoundly nevertheless. Even the ways and means of setting modern problems were foreshadowed by his sagacious reasoning as carried out in his day and time.

If the old philosopher was such a friendly beacon of light, shining through the darkness of distressing problems which vexed his little country of Greece, so his duplicate would certainly throw much welcomed light on the perplexing situations that worry people nowadays. Certain it is that he would insist on more orderly thinking than is customary now. There can be ne doubt that he would have much to say about our school systems and curriculums; that he would find much to criticise very sharply in our overly-praised progress; that he would take keen issue with the oodles of social bunk that distract the modern mind, and that he would prove himself to be a safe and sane guide for those who would listen to him.

But here is the rub — who would listen to him? People in the world at present are not wanting in the best advice that a duplicated Aristotle could give, but do they listen? Surely they do a lot of listening; the radio vouches for that, but do they care to strain their ears to catch the words that convey solid instruction? To speak plainly, it may well be said that we of the present time have far saner instruction for correct thinking in the great principles of Christianity than Aristotle could ever give; that we have a safer guide for noble living in the Catholic Church than in any old or modern philosopher; that all we need to do is listen and think. But how many in the world want to do as much? It is said by journalists whose business it is to cater to the public by dishing up news that people like to think, but not too hard. Here again is the rub. Hard problems require hard thinking, and there are plenty of reasons to believe

THE EDITORS

that people at present are less inclined to do hard thinking, when taken as a whole, than they were in days of more quiet and less distraction. Looking at matters as they stand, the general run of affairs would hardly take a safer direction even if we had another Aristotle.

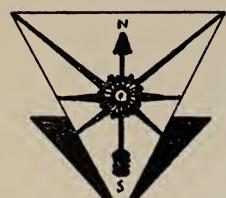
D.J.F.



God's Gift by J. Scott '35

Like skies of brilliant hue, the lovelight glows
In hearts entwined with bonds of love sublime;
As water from a gurgling spring it flows
And runs its course within the banks of time;
Like sweetest honey stolen from the vine
It sweetens life and makes the heart delight
In God and ever wish to be alive,
For death shall conquer in the darkened night.

'Tis love, a whispering wind, that brings relief,
That makes the soul to lofty heights aspire;
'Tis love that helps create a new belief
And sets the spirit, heart, and mind afire;
'Tis love that rules the fate of every man,
That strengthens in his mind the words, "I can."



EXCHANGES



We wish to congratulate *The Wag* upon its receiving All Catholic Honors for the year 1933 - 34. The present staff shows that it can keep the magazine upon the level which last year's staff attained.

In the first issue of 1934 - 35, "St. Albert the Great" is a biography of that great saint and scholar, Albertus Magnus. Although this essay is almost entirely statistics, it is interesting and deserving of attention. Though quite brief, "Hank Recalls Shily," "Can it be True," and "Don't Let it Happen Again" are all very good. We believe, however, that longer short stories enable the writer to express himself more fully, allow the characters to be developed more completely, and give the reader more pleasure. In the midst of the section "Literary Prose and Poetry" The Wag inserts three articles: "Le Cercle Francaise" dealing with a French Club formed in the college; "Homecoming" and "Tales of a Freshman." These are bits of information which would have more logically found their place in "Just Among Ourselves" or in a department of their own. "Leaves" is a very excellent little ditty, and, of the two poems included in the first issue, is by far the superior one. In The Wag the History section is considerably the best. Well written as well as instructive are "The Tomb of King Tutenkhomon" and "Some Clocks and Watches." The departments of this magazine are fairly well handled.

In a new garb as well as with new interior decorations arrives The Gleaner from St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois. The alterations have made The Gleaner a much better magazine. The editorials, the first section to greet our eyes, are well written, while "Statictics," a spicy little selection on radio programs, is a little one-sided. "The Guardian of La Rabida" is, we believe, the best selection in the first issue of this little magazine. It brings out the American's debt to the Franciscan Guardian of La Rabida, Fr. Perez, for his share in the discovery of America. While "Guess What" seems slightly puerile in quality, "On Two Wheels," an account of the author's experience on a bicycle tour, at least keeps one interested. We cannot entirely agree with "Pessimistic Day Dreaming," for the true student does not notice many of the caves which beset student life. "Faith's Arietta" is an excellent little impression. "The Eye of Buddha" is the best short story of the issue. It seems that The Gleaner has a tendency toward the morbid, for all of the short stories - "Death Hole," "Ex-Convict," "Mad Doctor," and "The Eye of Buddha" -- end in murder, suicide, or insanity. In the first issue there is only one selection, "The Guardian of La Rabida," that can really be called an essay. More essays would greatly add to the perfection of the magazine. The Gleaner also shows poetical talent, but little of it is

EXCHANGES

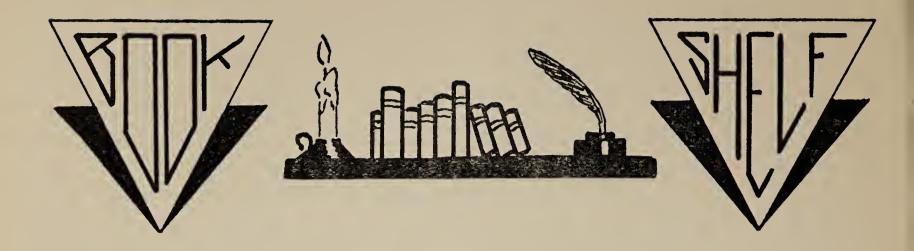
given the reader in the first issue. More poetry would add greatly to the balancing of the magazine, while a more definite arrangement would beautify it. That "variety is the spice of life," is true, but "order is heaven's first law."

Another famous journal which we have received is The Salesianum. Its numerous instructive articles written by the famous alumni of St. Francis Seminary are all far above fault. "Archbishop Heiss" is a very thorough biography of this famous prelate. In a very comprehensive style, "Labor's Struggle for Collective Bargaining" is an excellent discussion of organized labor. Toward the end of its rather lengthy dissertation the author expresses the following opinion: "The outlook for industrial peace is not very promising. The situation is one of contending forces, each striving to achieve security in an insecure world. One cannot escape the conclusion, as one looks back into modern industrial history and views the industrial conflicts of today, that the present forms of organizations of both employers and employees, militant in their origin and militant in their

aims, will not bring industrial peace. Rather they tend to perpetuate conflict." In "The Large Industrial City and the NRA," the author gives us, as is suggested by the title, a learned treatise on the effect of the NRA in the large industrial cities. Our mission spirit is aroused by "Our Duty Toward the Missions," which shows the true attitude we should take toward the missions. "Msgr. John Ernest Rothensteiner" is another excellent biography of a great scholar, while "Documents: Letters to Bishop Henni" is an excellent translation.

We also wish to acknowledge gratefully the following exchanges: The Black Hawk, Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; The Canisius Quarterly, Canisius College, Buffalo, New York; The Exponent, University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio; St. Vincent Journal, St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania; The Collegian, St. Mary's College, California; Xaverian Xavier University, Cincinnati, News. Ohio; The Gothic, Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Michigan; The Clepsydra, Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois.





AMARANTH

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

It seemed that after the book had been read and laid aside, a host of thoughts were trooping in my mind and fighting, each with a dull sense of security, for victory over the other. After an amicable truce had been declared, I found the peace of contentment and the joy of reading life; for this was a book for every young man. Every young man who trembles at the thought of a wrong path in life; who fears the despair of the vanquished and hopes for the moderate comfort of finding his real vocation in life should read this poem.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's Amaranth is as weird a tale as that of the Ancient Mariner, as gripping as the tales of Conan Doyle, and as popular in human interest and understanding as anything in the field of literature. Displaying a sympathetic understanding and pity for the vanities and blunders of human nature, the author, in this poem, deals with people who have misplaced their heritage and vocation in life, and consequently are harassed by lost illusions of hopes and ideals. To them Amaranth, "the flower that never fades," symbolized as truth, quietly brings understanding. Men who should have been stevedores, carpenters, plumbers or mechanics vainly tried to place themselves in the

world of doctors, poets and artists. The poem tells how some of them are destroyed by what they see in Amaranth's eyes, and how Fargo, who had tried to be an artist, succeeded in finding his true vocation in life.

This is essentially a poem of heartsick heroism and of death. Fargo travels to the land of the unknown, and everything seems strange. There is "wood that might never have been trees," so old and worn, yet sturdy; and the very chairs were "dim with centuries of welcoming and shadowed with farewells." It seems to be a land of paradoxes and plain truth; "a good place to see if you are blind, and most are blind that go there." The cemetery is but "a half remembered home of ghosts and young ambitions and regrets," each grave holding a foiled occupant, "whose triumph in a mischosen warfare against self and nature was release." But it is in this land where Fargo sees other misplaced men gaze into Amaranth's eyes; who, seeing truth and believing it, have not the courage to retrace their steps to the crossroads and take the road they deliberately avoided before.

The style is so varied that there is no time to think about the book and the author. One so lives and sees the pathetic yet dramatic incidents in the plot that to read seems to be equal to living. Sometimes the poet writes with screaming blood, and one shudders at his power; sometimes he writes with the dust of language, and one inheres in the peace of memories; at all times he writes with the sanction of the senses, the power of the intellect, and the understanding of the emotions.

Amaranth is slowly fading, and Fargo is astounded and perturbed until, at last, he

"Saw sunlight and deliverance, and all through him,

Felt a slow gratitude that he was hearing

Outside, somewhere at last, the sound of living,"

for he felt the peace of truth, the ease and quiet of ecstasies that were not yet memories; felt that "dreams last glamorously if they are not explored or shaken."

Edward Maziarz, '35

THE FEAR OF LIVING

By Henry Bordeaux

Every person, no matter what calling in life he or she may have chosen, no matter who he or she may be, has a deeprooted fear of living. We value above all else our peace, and will keep it at all hazards, no matter how dearly we must pay for it. This thought Henry Bordeaux has made the theme of *Fear of Living*, a novel which appeared for the first time in French in 1902.

There are almost countless novels which have been written realistically; this one of Monsieur Bordeaux stands high above them all. As M. Doumic, critic and member of the French Academy, says: "In this remarkable picture of French provincial life is more true realism than in fifty chosen from among the works of the most

famous 'Naturalists'." There is not a scene in it that is one of the commonplace situations in realism; it is out of the order of common themes. There is no swindling, no murder, nor is there a Simon Legree in this masterpiece. Besides, it is clean. And the great sale of the book (it has passed through well over eighty editions in French, and already in 1929 was in its ninth printing in English) has shown that a good, clean, wholesome book is appreciated by the great majority of people.

The story itself deals with the joys and sorrows of living. The characters are people of French blood, but they belong to any nationality. The main character or heroine, Madame Guibert, is the mother of a large family. Although her husband has died, her fortune has been lost, and her children are, save for one daughter, Paule, living far removed from her, she bears up bravely and trusts in Almighty God. One son, Marcel, during his absence from the foreign legion, comes home and falls in love with Alice, the daughter of Madame Dulaurens, a neighbor. Madame Dulaurens is weak-minded and selfish, which traits seem to have been inherited by her daughter. Marcel offers to marry the girl, but she refuses through fear of leaving her mother. Off he goes to the foreign legion, where after some time he is killed. Bravely does Madame Guibert bear up under this tremendous sorrow, and even when her last daughter marries her son's dearest friend and moves to a far off country, she murmurs not. realizing that her work is finished, she retires to the city, there to wait until God calls her.

By the balancing and contrasting of his characters, the author develops his theme. The generous Madame Guibert is set

against the self-seeking Madame Dulaurens, whose husband is a mere puppet, and whose imagined love for her children is nothing but personal selfishness. Paule and Alice, too, are cast as direct opposites. The fear of living is perhaps brought out more by the character of Alice than by her mother, for Alice senses the unjust claims of her mother to her affection, and still is swayed by them to surrender the man she feels that she loves. She is one of those billboard poster types of women whom Edwin Arlington Robinson castigates in Amaranth. Paule has a fighting spirit as can be seen by reading the story. She must fight her own revolt against the treatment she and her mother and Marcel receive at the hands of Madame Dulaurens. Marcel shares this spirit to some extent; however, he is too much depressed by the refusal of Alice, and, by the terms of dramatic justice which Bordeaux employs so well, is bound to meet an impending doom before the close of the story. In Jean, whom Paule marries, the Guibert spirit and traditions will be carried on.

This novel is a good accession to the library, one which will be appreciated by those who care for wholesome, inspirational entertainment.

Cyril Gaffney, '36

SANCTITY

By Violet Clifton

In studying the lives of the saints we sometimes seem to forget that they were human: subject to temptations; compelled to combat: wanting to love and to be loved. Precisely with regard to the latter are we inclined to underestimate their human side; to regard them as creatures set apart, who suppressed within themselves natural attachments to a degree that is

beyond human. Truly, in the catalog of God's servants whom the Church has canonized, there is a greater number of those who dedicated their service in the single state, who as virgins followed the Lamb, than of those who received the mark of public veneration through domestic life. However, if we search the lives of the former interpretatively, we will find that they did not suppress, that they only controlled their human emotions, spiritualized these, made them subservient to the higher aspirations of their nature, but that these very emotions were often the stimuli of that love of God which merited for them the privilege of the altar. It is not surprising, then, to find in a wife and mother, as was St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a love for her husband so deep and tender that it only ranked less in degree than her love for God. So pronounced was the human in Elizabeth that Violet Clifton has made it the theme of Sanctity, a heroic drama in five acts on the life of this saint.

Cradled in silver, Elizabeth, Princess of Hungary, was brought from her native land to Thuringia, as an omen of prosperity. In childhood she was betrothed to Lewis, Duke of Thuringia. Under spiritual influences she advanced in age and grace, and at nineteen was married to the Duke. The love of this pair was the love of two hearts beating in harmony with the love of God. Lewis loved the soul of this virtuous woman, a soul reflecting the love of God; a soul studded with the rubies of humility, the diamonds of charity, and the pearls of love. And Elizabeth's love for him was an exact counterpart. Yesentrude, her servant, says of her: "She rode beside him often as he travelled to his people to amend the laws; often she rode with him to his hunting."

When, after seven years of happy union, the Emperor Frederick induces Lewis to go with him on a crusade, Elizabeth, in deep grief of heart at the thought of her consort's departure, cries out:

Were I all spirit
centered quite in soul,
my highest part the only part of me,
I'd smile and say: 'Brother, be gone.'
But I am flesh and blood, quite filled
with passion
and all my woman being cries aloud:
'Oh, stay and leave me not!'"

But, ever obedient, this Christian woman listens to the reasoning of her husband, and exclaims: "Beloved will of Lewis knit to God I do embrace thee."

"The wood is ripe, the wood is gathered; the pyre is made; the fire is nearing.
Where is the sacrifice?"

Elizabeth is the sacrifice. Her entire life had been that. Her mother was murdered when she herself was but a mere child; at the Thuringian court the mother and two sisters of Lewis mocked her piety. Lewis perished in the crusade; then she was driven from the palace by Henry, the duke's brother, and forced to live in a pigsty with her children. The last two acts of the drama reveal her, stripping herself of every earthly tie, and under the stern discipline of the monk, Master Conrad, giving herself with complete abandon to the service of God. Finally, "time, the subtle thief of youth," plucks this blossoming lily from the bed of life, and transplants it in the fertile soil of heaven, there to bloom eternally as a full blown flower.

Others have attempted to dramatize the

life of a saint, but no one, I believe, has succeeded so admirably as has Violet Clifton in *Sanctity*. The prose vehicle is not ordinary prose; it has a lyric quality which sings as it swings along in beautiful rythmic cadences, and bursts climactically into free verse of soul-stirring sweetness. This free verse is creative, concrete and highly suggestive; never vague or heavy. Violet Clifton has such a mastery of it that she plays with the imagination, making it soar far into the ethereal.

And the symbolism which she uses in her method is of the best. She has caught the spirit of the age of her heroine and controlled this so that it gives just the right atmosphere to her development of the drama. The presence of the ever-watchful Seeking Soul and the veiled and winged Chorus Mysticus is an original stroke of genius unheard of in modern times. And, at the end, a flower — a marguerite. Elizabeth holds it in her hands and plucks the petals to signify her life's losses. "Look," she says, "that wild flower is as I was, the silver petals the things belonging to me so closely that they were part of myself as petal is part of flower... One by one, the petals went. Some of them went by God's will, others went through man's malice, others again I myself have undone." Then, as she pulls out petal by petal, she enumerates her successive losses. At mention of the death of Lewis she pulls out lots of petals, saying: "His death stripped me." In this way the author restates her theme.

Violet Clifton has portrayed the life of a saint who loved the poor and the miserable; the life of a woman who loved her husband next to God. St. Elizabeth, as she is revealed to us, "is the living human force, about whom those who love her and those who cannot comprehend her revolve." Her character does not change; it grows. The other characters remain the same, especially those who oppose the heroine. They are all definitely formed, distinctive and illustrative. With her they are contrasted rather than compared.

William Fath, '36

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ELEMENTS

By Mary Elvira Weeks

This book discloses one by one the chemical elements in a connected narrative. Never before had the reports of the discoveries and the life stories of the discoverers been recorded in one book so plainly and minutely that the modern chemists can do research work without a great amount of trouble. The Discovery of the Elements not only pays tribute to the honored men and women who have helped to reveal the hidden chemical elements but it also helps to acquaint chemists and others with these great achievements.

The material blessings that man enjoys today have resulted largely from the genius of many of the discoveries of the elements, and from the ever increasing knowledge of about ninety simple substances, the chemi-

cal elements, most of which were entirely unknown to ancient civilization. Far more different were the lives of these honorable men and far more different were their discoveries from what many of us are wont to believe. They cared very little for themselves. Their perserverance and accurateness in tedious experiments, their willingness to sacrifice time, money, and even life itself in order that later humanity might be able to enjoy fully the fruits of the elements, is well worth our admiration.

A chronological list of the elements in the order of their discovery, also the way they were detected, their properties and uses are accurately presented in this work. The means employed by the discoverers in order to separate an element from other substances is in many cases very interesting. For instance, the isolating of pure radium from other elements by Mme.Curie shows the perseverance and accurateness of a true chemist.

Anyone at all interested in chemistry and its origin should read this book. It not only presents splendid reading material but also an abundance of valuable and practical knowledge.

Joseph A. Nienberg, '35





By his appointment by Governor-Elect Martin L. Davey to the adjutant-general-ship of the Militia of Buck Private the State of Ohio, Emil to F. Marx takes his Adjutant-General place as one of St. Joseph's most prominent lay-alumni. The knowledge that Major Marx's honor is the highest in the gifts of the State makes all of St. Joseph's sons feel greatly proud.

Major Marx was born in Shelby County forty-two years ago, and was educated in the parochial school of St. Marys, Ohio; he received his higher education at St. Joseph's College which he attended from 1908 to 1911.

We congratulate Governor-Elect Davey on his choice. To Major Marx we extend heartiest felicitations. Our sincere wish is that even greater success will crown his achievements in the position to which he has been promoted than has characterized his activities thus far. Soon we hope that we will be able to congratulate him personally. That he is held in high esteem is evident from the number of laudatory letters we received subsequent to the announcement of his elevation. For these, coming from loyal alumni, we are grateful.

Mr. Robert Lang, 1919-23, of Vincennes, Indiana, paid us a visit during the latter part of November. He is now sales-From man for the Shircliff Old Vincennes Industries, Inc., manufacturers of Floralware at Vincennes. This was the first opportunity that Mr. Lang found to visit his Alma Mater since his student days ended more than ten years ago. We welcomed his return, and we hope that he will find it possible to be with us again soon, - perhaps on Homecoming Day in the spring, when he can renew friendships with a number of the "old

Two welcome Thanksgiving Day visitors were the Reverends Ralph Mueller and Albert Frericks who mobert Frericks who motored over from Ohio.

Visitors Father Mueller, assistant pastor of Immacu-

boys," who will be happy to see him.

late Conception parish, Bellevue, spent the years from 1919 to 1925 at St. Joseph's. His attachment to his Alma Mater was evident during his visit; the day was far too short for him. So was it for us, and we ask him to be more generous with his time and remain with us longer the next time he calls on us. Father Frericks, who is now chaplain of the Precious Blood

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Convent at Frank, is a classmate of our own Father Longanbach. The two of them did Collegeville as thoroughly as they could during the few hours they had together.

Among those who loyally cheered the Cards in their recent contest with the Huntington net men Lafayette Again was the Rev. Leo Pursley of the class of '21. We see why Father Pursley was appointed Chaplain of the Purdue University Newman Club; he has the real college spirit.

Richard "Red" Lammers, 1929-33, sends a threat in the name of the Alumni Association to the Varsity baseball men. warning them to begin practice at once in preparation for the Alumni Day classic.

The Alumni Editors are grateful to Anthony J. Traser, C.PP.S., for his interesting letter containing News information about St. from Carthagena Joseph Alumni who are now in the Community of the Most Precious Blood. He

is unable to conceal his pride when he tells us that the class of '29 have received the diaconate and will be ordained to the priesthood in May.

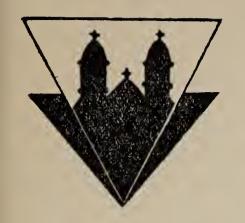
John Byrne, of the class of '32, is now directing the entertainments at Carthagena, and "doing a good job, too," as Tony says.

Robert Koch, '24-'28, is the man who is lucky enough to have tenors like John Sheehan, Bernard Schmitt and Tony Traser under his direction in the seminary choir.

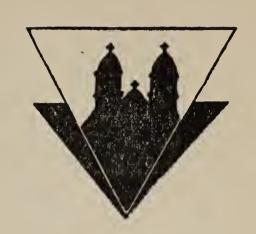
The class of '35 gratefully acknowledges the Christmas greeting sent by the Philosophy Department of St. Charles Seminary. Let not your fear of the Church History examination prevent you from enjoying a very Merry Christmas.

Thomas Buren, president of the class of '34, stopped for a few hours on his way from the Catholic University in Washington to his home in Rhodelia, Kentucky. Tom assures us that he and his colleagues, Delbert Welch and Chester Bowling, are happy and quite successful at Washington.

Francis Gengler, 1927-30, of Landeck, Ohio, is effectively introducing modern sales methods in his home town's only general store.



SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Rain on Easter Sunday, a flat tire, running out of gasoline, or failing a chemistry

examination are all heart-rending little incidents. I am sure,

however, that none of these can be compared to the sad experience of having a radio go dead during the first quarter of some thrilling football game. It happened; but why?

Crowded around the radio in the Raleigh Club Billiard Hall were some twenty enthusiasts, listening to the annual classic between the University of Notre Dame and the Cadets from West Point. Suddenly a fullback threw a long forward pass, scoring for Army. There was a terrible sputter and crackel. At first we thought that the 80,000 spectators that jammed Yankee stadium were going to rush right through the loud speaker and pay us a visit, but alas! the noise ceased; the radio was dead. A mad scramble followed to listen to the game over the number of other radios about the campus.

Two days later, at the radio hospital, the electric doctors diagnosed the trouble as a burnt out transformer, a loose connection, and even a dead tube. But when the installation of these various parts proved to be of no avail, a specialist was called on the case in the person of Father Wuest. Upon further investigation, what

do you think he found? A dead mouse.

The mere finding of this poor creature, however, did not terminate all curiosity. How did it die? This was the question. A post-mortem was held. The coroner reached the following decision: This little grey fellow desired to have a box seat within the radio, and when Army scored he was frightened to death. But why should he be excited to such a pitch that his heart stopped beating over a mere Army touchdown? Well, here's the solution to the whole affair: the mouse was Oscar, the pet of the Raleigh Club, a loyal Notre Dame rooter.

It is written that the Son of the Carpenter made the door of heaven so low that you must either

Profession take your plumes off or stoop humbly to enter it. But why wear plumes? This was

the question that twenty-five young men asked themselves at the time of their enrollment at Saint Joseph's.

Saint Joseph's college chapel, decorated in harmony with the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, was the scenic setting of the entrance of these young men into the Society of the Precious Blood. There they promised to serve their God as members of the Society. Upon kneeling

in prayer and adoration, listening to the dulcet Mass in honor of Saint Benedict sung by the college choir, and the chromatical music of the organ, one was filled with awe and reverence. In the sanctuary were these young men, about to forfeit all claim to the plumage that is attainable by nearly any one who seeks it with correct understanding.

According to precedence those to make the three year promise of fidelity were: Urban Hoying, Alvin Burns, Thomas Growney, Edward Zukowski, Benedict D'Angelo, Charles Froelich, John Hoorman, Francis McCarthy, Ambrose Lengerich, James Bruskotter, Joseph Grevencamp, Edward Bubala, Joseph Smolar, Joseph Svitek, Victor Broering, Stanley Meiring, William Stack, Anthony Gamble, Roman Anderson, George Kelly, Robert Lux, Louis Telegdy, Robert Beckman, Lawrence Mertes and William Frantz.

Receiving the cassock were: Aurele Durocher, Francis Geimer, Rosario Glorioso, Henry Kosalko, Robert Carney, Joseph Donhauser and Ernest Lukas.

The following brothers also made their first promise of fidelity: Bro. Sylvester Dean, Bro. Lawrence Wint and Bro. Lawrence Hoorman.

With a prayer that God gives you the grace to continue in your field of endeavor, the COLLEGIAN staff, in the name of the studentbody, wishes you one and all the fulness of those joys that your vocation offers.

After the beautiful spiritual exercises, the studentbody received a holiday. They spent the afternoon playing cards, listening to the radio or playing basketball.

Toward evening a rather dreary, gloomy, leafless campus was transformed into a

fairyland of beauty by a delightful snowfall. The immaculately white scene was very appropriate for the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Upon surveying the immediate campus one could notice the tall tamaracks and arborvitaes taking on a white mantle, reminding one of the modernistic lighting fixtures that were in such abundance at the Chicago World's Fair. Even the color scheme was not lacking for the cardinal and purple lights that adorn the main entrance of the college tinted each little flake a hue of deep red blended with a light blue. In harmony with the scene the muffled thud of ice skates gave evidence that Lake Saint Joseph was frozen sufficently to provide another form of recreation. Leaving the noise of flying steel behind, I followed the path to the Grotto. There, with the falling of each flake, I seemed in fancy to hear the wind murmur, "Mary, we fall before thee in adoration."

Gay repartee and lively chatter that appropriately smacked of the gridiron resounded through the Football Banquet Visitors' dining room Wednesday on ning, December 12. The occasion was the official honoring of the men who valiantly bore the Cardinal and Purple for St. Joseph's during the football season. Sitting down to a number of tables that were creaking with good cheer, this year's edition of the fighting Cards lost no time in viciously tackling the feast set before them.

After their appetites had been sufficiently satiated, Raymond De Cook, the Cardinal's genial mentor, took the floor as toastmaster. He appropriately introduced

Father Kenkel, president of the college, who congratulated the team on their show of spirit during the season, and emphasized the point that St. Joseph's was satisfied with the record of the 1934 team. The next speaker, Father Koenn, director of athletics, gave a brief resume of the past season and promised a more extensive and difficult schedule for the coming year. Then Father Rufus Esser pointed out in a brief address the reputation the team had acquired for clean sportsmanship, and expressed the hope that next year's aggregation would come up to it.

After this address Coach De Cook distributed monograms to the members of the team who have played the required time to merit this distinction. Immediately after this, several of the seniors gave a few witty remarks — reminiscences of their association with local football.

Amid a great ovation Cyril Gaffney was elected to lead the Cardinal grid machine during next year's season. When this business had been dispatched the team spent the evening in Rensselaer, a privilege the boys really appreciated.

Thus far five home games have been played by the Cardinal basketball team.

In accordance with the And Then age old adage, "Dine, dance and be merry," the Saint Joseph bas-

keteers have danced on the hardwood to the music of George Muresan's Purple and Cardinal band, and also to the rhythmical machine-gun-like rapidity of dribbling basketballs. Regardless of whether they danced to victory or defeat, the Saint Joseph Athletic Association has provided a new form of recreation for the team, one in keeping with their rigorous training rules. When the last bell rings for the other students to retire, the men that saw action visit the Raleigh Club Billiard Hall with the assurance that an enjoyable evening is in store for them.

To the enchanting strains of Wayne King and Jan Garber, the little white ball keeps time on the ping-pong table; billiard balls, too, may be seen rolling over the smooth green felt, but this is not all these young men do; they partake of a tasty eleven o'clock luncheon that is set before them. It is little things like this that help greatly in breaking the monotony of routine life.

Not a "boo" during the entire game. That was the spirit shown at the classic December 20. Unanimous support of the home team; unanimous hospitality toward the visitors. It was in part due to the two rousing pep meetings held previous to the event, but even more to the school spirit that exists at St. Joseph's.

For the past three months the club members have realized that the Raleigh Club itself is an invit
Santa Visits ing place in which to Raleigh Club spend free time. Something, however, was

missing; there was need of some new furniture.

As a Christmas present, eighteen beautiful easy chairs were purchased. The chairs are done with a rich leather seat and back. True to the trend of modernistic furniture they are supported by bend-

ing bars of chromium steel, and the backs are set at an angle of 45 degrees. Black, red and jade green are the colors of the chairs.

The members of the Raleigh Club take this opportunity to thank the club moderator, Father Schon, for this practical gift. We feel sure that pipes, cigarettes and cigars will taste much better while we recline in one of these luxurious pieces of furniture.

•

December 22, that cherished and awaited day, dawned bright and cheerful for many of Saint Joseph's Christmas students intent upon in Advance spending the Blessed Season with their dear

ones. The main streets and suburbs of Collegeville rumbled beneath the weight of added traffic. Trains came and went again in nearby Rensselaer, and another of the annual Yuletide vacations was speeding on its way. Those having a more permanent residence on the campus very quickly began to prepare for the happy time that was to be theirs. Christmas wreathing everywhere was in evidence, and nothing was left undone that might add to vacation joys.

It is the eve of Christmas; down out of a sky, thickish and dull, the steady east wind is pushing Gloria fluffy wet crystals of in Excelsis Deo snow. The white snow plunges earthward, piles, heaps higher, and higher, and settles solidly: I knew by the expression on the face of the hoarse tower clock that the snowfall had been great.

I did not know, however, that the Raleigh Smoking Club rooms could be decorated so beautifully. There was a change in those halls. A fresh warmth poured in under the roof, stalwart beneath its heavy wrappings of snow; and rushed down the chimney.

In the early morning the wheeling chapel bells rang out the same spirit of Christmas, the strength of a peace risen from a man's heart. This full joy quickened in the presence of the Infant Jesus; it waxed firmer when the choir sang — singing mightily, "Gesu Bambino;" it exulted at the Communion of the Solemn High Mass, offered by our Very Reverend Rector. The part of the day following the second Solemn High Mass stood open. It lived with cheer and good fellowship.

The day paused in its evening to pledge once more "A Merry Christmas." It pledged with an entertainment. Richard Baird proclaimed the toasts, and they were the toasts of men; toasts that shook the roof beams, and spurred the dying glow on the copper andirons to leap high — for a little while — then die. Christmas, the Christmas Day of 1934 had gone.

•

Up flung the baton of Professor Tonner; a sudden pause, then the orchestra began the "Poet and Peasant "The Five Joyful Overture." The New Mysteries" Year's Day of 1935 will always be recalled by a mention of the successful presentation of "The Five Joyful Mysteries," a musical pageant written and directed by the students as an expression of appreciation to the sisters and brothers. In an ancient monastery chapel of France, before a white

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

altar, beautiful in its simplicity, kneels a saintly Dominican monk telling his beads. The meditation of the Joyful Mysteries enraptures him; his pious thoughts appear, sithouetted on the white stone wall above the white altar; after the meditation of each mystery the visionary vested choir of the monastery sings a hymn. The singing swells, then sinks away in the stillness of the evening dusk. Waves of sound from a distant organ roll forward softly; as the monk concludes his solitary pondering the mighty organ bursts forth into a great "Holy God," that hymn of one who praises his Maker.

The first issue of the COLLEGIAN in the New Year could not go to press without extending hearty wishes for success, on the part of the staff and the studentbody, to the new Rensselaer-Collegeville Cab Line. All Collegeville welcomes you and appreciates your more reasonable prices and service.

The evening of January 7 was host to the nomadic element of the studentbody, who had for the pre-The Stoics Return vious two weeks sought their friends and fortunes in other climes. There were many brave but somewhat disheartened lads trodding a weary path to the dormitory that evening. Like true stoics, however, they awoke on Tuesday, January 8, with renewed vigor, and with resolutions for new success. The vacation was over and another enjoyable time was past, but there are more good times in store.





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

After the usual congratulations had been accepted by the cast of "Set That to Music," the Columbians decided to hibernate for a while and wait for the turn of the year. However, before going into seclusion, the members were delightfully surprised by the unexpected way in which the Christmas spirit asserted itself at a recent meeting. Santa Claus was seemingly quite busy with a number of lower classmen, and consequently could not be there on that specific date. Of course, his cheerful countenance and frolicking personality were missed, but his substitute was well received. John O'Brien, sans whiskers and the rest of Santa's accouterments, moved, among other things, that each member be remembered by the society with a little Yuletide gift, either in the form of cigarettes or in trade at the local candy shoppe. Naturally, his motion met with the wholehearted approval of the assembly, and the remaining days until Christmas vacation began to take on a more rosy appearance.

With the gay peal of resounding chimes on New Year's Eve, we were faced with the reality that the term of our present set of officers was fast drawing to a close. We can feel assured, however, that if the incoming officers come up to the present ones, everybody will be satisfied, and I know they will.

NEWMAN CLUB

On the eve of departure for the Christmas recess a terror stricken audience witnessed "Ghostly Fingers," a three act play by Wall Spence, presented by the Newman Club. Of course, the College Orchestra was there to remove the tension during the intermissions. Under the baton of Professor Tonner, they played "Wedding of the Winds" by Hall, and "Minute Waltz" by Chopin with their usual dash and precision. During the interval between the second and third acts, "Silent Night" was sung by the octet, accompanied by the orchestra which featured a xylophone solo.

To get back to the play itself, however, although it was spun about the usual spook story, the plot was quite complex, and the "spook" turned out for the good. Kenneth Couhig as Jack, is the spook, who, motivated by revenge, kills George Stanchik, as Elliot, a high toned crook

who had been the indirect cause of the suicide of Sylvia, Jack's girl. Upon Elliot's first appearance at the house where Sylvia formerly resided, he is recognized by three persons. The first is, of course, Jack, who immediately sets in motion his plans for revenge. Another is Kate Pike, portrayed by Dan Raible, owner of the house, and Sylvia's mother. The third is Paul Zeller, as Joe Griggs, an unscrupulous fellow who has designs on Kate Pike's house because of its adaptability for rum-running purposes. The mysterious noises about the house, the flashing on and off of lights, are means used by Jack to discourage Griggs' buying of the house. Werner Schmiesing, taking what might be called the main feminine lead as Miss Arnold, another girl whom Elliot has tried to dupe and whom he has brought along with him to the house, is followed closely by Denny O'Day, portrayed by James Thurin, a fellow reporter of hers. Between the two of them, the mystery is cleared up, Griggs being exposed and Jack discovered and condoned.

Although this was the first appearance of many of the actors upon the stage, the presentation, looking at it from a comparative viewpoint, was very good. Dan Raible and Werner Schmiesing are to be complimented on their fine show in feminine roles. Al Druhman, as Hattie, one of the minor characters, although he had no chance to star, was continually throwing the audience into fits of laughter as he exhibited his nervous, spinster-type of disposition. James Diedrich, as Eustace Scutter, head over heels in love with Hattie, kept the shouts of glee going by his interpretation of a village constable who has ambitions to become a great detective. The two crooks, George Stanchik and Paul Zeller, were right there when it came to real, true to life, smooth gentlemen of dubious and shady characters. James Thurin, in his interpretation of a clean cut American gentleman, also comes in for his share of praise. Casper Bonifas, as Peter, slightly unbalanced fellow, and Rosario Glorioso, a tool of Griggs, heighten the situation time after time by their sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene.

The COLLEGIAN extends heartiest congratulations to the Newmans for their fine work, and the Spotlighter, in particular, feels assured that we will hear much from the Thespians of the Senior High-School Class.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

A gala program was sponsored by the Dwengerites, Saturday evening, December 15. John X. LaBadie, presiding officer in the absence of Edward Hession, opened the program with a few seasonal remarks as Joseph Kowalcky at the xylophone merrily tinkled out "Silent Night." The audience already having imbibed quite a bit of the Christmas spirit as the result of the community singing of "Adeste Fideles," Father Rufus Esser took the floor.

As guest speaker of the occasion, Father Esser gave us an enlightening address on the advantages of Catholic education. He likewise stressed the point that we are reaching an era when men of principle shall be called to the fore, and that we should bear this in mind as we go about our daily tasks.

Timothy Doody, accompanied by Rudolph Bierberg at the organ, added another gentle touch of Yuletide spirit to the occasion by the selection "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." Henry

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Martin and his "Red Peppers" were there too to brighten the evening with "Lights are Low" and "Out in the Cold Again." Interspersed among these selections, a quartet consisting of Norman Heckman, George Heinzen, Frederick O'Brien and Robert Gaertner, sang "Stille Nacht" and "Birthday of the King."

The feature of the evening, however, was a one act play entitled "The End of the Wise Men's Quest." Exemplifying the spirit of this holy season, it was very appropriate, and praise must be given to James Scott, James Thornbury, August Wolf, Edward McCarthy and Leonard Kostka for the excellent work they did.

Forward to 1935, and here's to the success of the Dwenger Mission Unit!

RALEIGH CLUB

The Club likewise took on a festive spirit in accordance with the general opinion that Christmas and New Year were not far off. In the main club room, the modernesque chandeliers were decked with garlands of red and green, each disporting a huge bell that from its looks was

just begging to ring out a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all. Downstairs, in the billiard room, the holiday spirit was much in evidence too. Streamers of contrasting hues ran from one end of the room to the other, gaily set off by strips of glittering icicles, while plump Santa Clauses peeked their ruddy countenances out from the most unsuspecting places. The effect was strengthened by a number of holly wreaths artistically set in the windows, and of course by the gay, youthful chatter concerning plans for the Christmas vacation, which could be heard at any hour of the day if one cared to listen attentively.

Cups have been awarded to the champions and runners up in the recent card tournaments held in the club. The lucky, or should I say scientific, students are: Victor Broering and Gerard Krapf, Bridge; Donald Foohey and Rosario Glorioso, Hearts; Frederick Hendricks and Urban Hoying, Pinochle. Congratulations, gentlemen!

1935 seems to hold a glorious outlook for the different local organizations, and I hope that they rise to even greater heights than they did this year.





Cards Rap Kokomo in Basket Opener, 32 - 21

On the night of December 1, when the Cardinals trotted out on the floor, they rang up the curtain on the regular basketball season of '34-'35. A blast of the referee's whistle, the lazy arch of the ball, and two figures leaping, reaching, the red and white of Kokomo against the purple and scarlet of St. Joseph's, the game had started. With Hatton controlling the tipoff, the ball flashed into the back court; it was shuttled from Hession to Andres; it moved in to Downey and then out again. Gaffney broke into the center lane; the ball came to him and he shot, a looping, rebound shot that hung tantalizingly on the rim for an instant and then fell through the net. The Cards were in front and they were never overtaken. The score at half time was 12-8, and at the final gun it stood St. Joe 32 and Kokomo 21.

Unbeaten in their two previous games Kokomo handled the ball confidently and cautiously as they sought an opening for their fast breaking offense. They threatened constantly but the close guarding of the St. Joe five usually kept the ball in the mid-sector. The Red and White rarely broke through for their short shots, and, when they could not make their long attempts in the second half, they were no longer a match for the increased scoring power of the Cardinals. Before a better

team Kokomo went down to defeat. Better? Yes. At times the Cards were a great team; their offense and defense bordered on brilliancy, and then again they descended to the level of mere mediocrity. They were nervous in shifting to meet the attack; their passing was erratic, but those are the rough edges that actual game experience should taper down into the smooth working De Cook machine.

With a total of sixteen points, Cy Gaffney, a hard driving forward, who can shoot from any spot on the floor, was the high scorer for the evening. He arched his shots from the corners, he tipped in rebounds, and he wheeled on the pivot line to score with a toss over his head. For scoring honors Gaffney was followed by Co-Capt. Eddie Hession with six points, and Red Van Nevel with five. Twice Hession brought the stands to their feet as he cleverly out-maneuvered his guard and dropped beautiful long shots through the hoop. Defensive honors were shared by Bob Hatton, Ed Andres, Gene Beeler, and that indefatigable ball-hawk, Co-Capt. Butch Downey.

Hankins led the Red and White's individual scoring with eight points. Rees, star of the Kokomo quintet who had previously averaged eighteen points a game, was held to a lone free throw.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joe (32)				Kokomo Junior	College (21)		
	FG	\mathbf{FT}	${ m PF}$		FG	\mathbf{FT}	PF
Downey f.	0	0	1	Rees f.	0	1	2
Scharf f.	1	0	0	Hankins f.	3	2	1
Gaffney f.	8	0	1	Betts f.	1	0	1
Van Nevel f.	2	1	2	Thompson c.	1	0	1
Hatton c.	0	0	0	Hessler c.	. 0	0	1
Ludas c.	0	0	0	Ellis g.	2	0	1
Andres g.	0	0	0	Elvin g.	2	0	1
Zimmerman g.	0	0	0	· ·			
O'Riley g.	0	0	0		9	3	8
Hession g.	2	2	2				
Beeler g.	1	1	0	Referee — A. I	Etter		
Bubala g.	0	0	0	Umpire — R. I	Etter		
				Scorers — Leu		ucamp	
	14	4	6	Timekeeper —	•	-	
				•		G. D.	. L.

Central Normal Doubles Up Cards' Offense, 44 - 22

Passing, shuttling, blocking, and shooting around the St. Joe defense, Central Normal College displayed a brand of ball that literally took the Cardinal and Purple off their feet, and set them down roughly to the tune of 44 - 22. It was a dashing, tumbling affair from start to finish, but one that kept Danville fans shouting and excited to the end.

Normal opened up with a fast breaking offense and held full steam ahead until the score at half time glared out an awful 26-6. Though fighting under disadvantages, the De Cook men tried only in vain to hold down the Normal offense and to pierce their balanced defense.

After the usual pep talk at the intermission, St. Joe came back a much determined team. Downey broke through for an under-basket shot, and Scharf added another. But the Danville sharpshooters were invincible, draping the nets at any angle and from any spot on the floor.

We can say without hesitation that Central Normal is one of the snappiest teams

that the Cardinals have faced in the past three seasons. In Englehart, an experienced player of high school days, the Normal College claims a great ball handler. He dropped fifteen points to lead the evening's scorers, while Wilson connected for ten.

St. Joe (22)				
		\mathbf{FG}	FT	PF
Downey f.	2		0	2
O'Riley f.	0		0	0
Gaffney f.	1		1	3
Van Nevel f.	1		1	1
Scharf f.	1		1	2
Hatton c.	0		1	1
Hession g.	0		2	1
Andres g.	1		0	4
Zimmerman g.	0		0	1
Beeler g.	1		2	0
	7	8		15
Central Normal (4	4)			
	\mathbf{FG}	${f F}$	\mathbf{T}	PF
Martin f.	2		1	3
Morris f.	1		0	0
Long f.	0		0	1

Wilson f.	3	4	2	Gullion g.	1	0	1
Ballard f.	0	0	0	Starnes g.	0	0	3
B. Decker f.	0	1	0	Laramore g.	0	1	0
Engelhart c.	6	3	1				
Roudebush c.	1	1	0		16	12	17
Canady c.	1	0	1	Referee — Malas	ki		
Blanda g.	1	1	2	Umpire — Dicker	rson		
H. Decker g.	0	0	0	Scorers — Gross,	Leuterma	n	
Franklin g.	0	0	3	Timekeeper — T	horne		

Cards Falter Before Huntington College, 31 - 28

St. Joe (28)

Again St. Joe's basketeers had a taster of bitter defeat, as a team representing Huntington College handed out a few spoonfuls of pungent medicine in the closing minutes of play, in the form of heart-rending field goals, to whip the Cardinals by the score of 31 - 28.

St. Joe's starting lineup, not fully recuperated from the aches and bruises received in the Central Normal game, broke into a 10-2 lead early in the first half, as Hatton, Van Nevel, and Hession found the basket for two points each, and Andres registered four. But from then on things did not fare so well for the Cardinals. They missed long and short shots alike, and their passing just didn't want to work smoothly. On the other hand, Huntington's basket shooters made good use of their attempts, especially in the last five minutes of play, when every ball shot in the general direction seemed to find its mark.

Cy Gaffney again led the St. Joe offensive play, accounting for nine points; Mankin and Michael were the high scorers for Huntington, with ten and nine points respectively.

It was a hard game to lose, as each team had previously won two of the four games played together. The defeat, however, should give the Cards something to fight for when they invade the Huntington court, Feb. 9.

FG

FT

PF

Gaffney fc.	3	3	. 2
Downey f.	0	0	0
Van Nevel f.	1	0	0
Hatton c.	2	1	2
Scharf f.	1	1	1
Hession g.	1	2	0
Andres g.	2	0	1
Minick g.	0	0	0
Beeler g.	0	1	1
	10	8	7
Huntington (31)			
Tuning on (51)	\mathbf{FG}	\mathbf{FT}	\mathbf{PF}
Pe Gan f.	2	1	1
Michael f.	. 3	3	4
Cook f.	. 0	0	1
Street c.	0	0	4
Goodale c.	0	1	0
Mankin g.	5	0	0
	3	0	1
Ware g.			
Thatcher g.	0	0	0
	13	5	11

Referee — Bausman Umpire — McColly Scorer — Leuterman Timekeeper — Biven

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Gallagher Tops Cardinals, 35 - 32

St. Joe (32)

In the most interesting tilt that has been played on the local floor this season, the St. Joe Cardinals, on December 14, fell victims to sensational shooting on the part of the strong Gallagher Business College of Kankakee, Illinois. The contest was fiercely fought throughout, featured by the fast playing and accurate team-work of both outfits. Hatton, St. Joe center, led the Cardinal offense with some fine ball handling, while his team-mates fought hard to keep the Gallagher shock troops from getting in under the basket. Most of the visitors' points were scored by one handed and two handed over-head shots from out on the court, though one or the other came as a result of a lapse in defense of the St. Joe guards.

One play especially took the crowd by storm. As Hession was passing the ball to Hatton near the sidelines, a Gallagher man batted at the ball, met it squarely in his attempt to block it, and the ball sailed ceilingward, in a beautiful arch, and came zipping down through the hoop for a "once-in-a-lifetime" field goal.

St. Joe trailed throughout the entire struggle, but there were many times when the contest became so close that the fans were on their feet, yelling for another basket to tie the score or to put the Cardinals in the lead. Hatton and Gaffney led St. Joe's scorers with 13 and 9 points respectively, while Eckard, Leonard, and Graft were the high lights for the Kankakee school.

,		
\mathbf{FG}	\mathbf{FT}	\mathbf{PF}
3	3	2
0	0	2
0	0	0
1	0	0
5	3	2
0	2	2
0	0	0
2	2	3
11	10	11
\mathbf{FG}	\mathbf{FT}	\mathbf{PF}
3	3	3
6	0	2
1	0	0
1	0	4
3	4	3
0	0	3
14	7	15
	3 0 0 1 5 0 0 2 	3 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 5 3 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Referee — Strole Umpire — McColly Scorer — Leuterman Timekeeper — Biven

St. Joe Stumbles Before Manchester Five, 40 - 21

On December 15, the evening following the Gallagher contest, St. Joe's varsity took a trip to North Manchester for the third tough encounter of the week, but again failed to break the string of defeats that has been weighing heavily upon the Cardinals' shoulders.

Manchester College wasted no time in

getting off to a fast breaking game, slipping in twelve points while the Cards could find the basket only once. But Ed Andres, playing his best game for St. Joe, faded over to the side and dropped in three long shots, while Gaffney hit two goals and three free throws, to put the Cards back in the running. At half time the

Hatton c.

Andres g.

Hession g.

Zimmerman

Manchester (40)

Minick g.

Snider f.

Allman f.

Holliger f.

Donalsan c.

Hyde c.

Sapp g.

Neff g.

Beck g. Cullers g.

Sumter g.

Buffenbarger f.

score was 20 to 13 in favor of Manchester.

In the second half, St. Joe started off with a bang. A basket by Cy Gaffney and three points by Scharf put the Cards within two points of the Manchester team, 20-18. But at this point, the bottom fell out of the St. Joe team-work. Manchester rallied, and before anything could be done about it, brought their total to 40 points as the game ended; score 40 - 21.

The absence of Co-Captain John Downey, who has been nursing a sprained ankle, has had much to do with the team's slump. As soon as John recuperates, we expect to see him in there bolstering up the team to a number of victories.

St.	Joe	(21)
-----	-----	------

	\mathbf{FG}	FT	\mathbf{PF}	,
Gaffney f.	3	4	2	17 6
Bruskotter f.	0	0	0	
Van Nevel f.	0	0	1	Referee — Gilbert
Scharf f.	1	1	0	Scorers — Musselman, Leuterman
O'Riley f.	0	0	0	Timekeeper — Prof. Holl

St. Joe Rallies to Crush Valpo, 16 - 11

"Beat Valpo," "BEAT VALPO!" That was the slogan of those few days before the Christmas vacation. "Beat Valpo!" was the cry that was on the lips of the entire studentbody. That is what every St. Joe student craved — and that is exactly what happened. If any team was determined to win a ball game, it was St. Joe's on the night of December 20, when Valparaiso University's quintet invaded the local court.

Valpo started things going immediately after the opening tip-off, when Koss cut loose under the basket for a field goal. But then the scoring ceased for a number of minutes as both teams threw away scoring opportunities by missing short shots.

Close guarding featured in the activities of the evening, and at the intermission the score stood: Valpo 11, St. Joe 5.

0

0

0

0

0

5

FT

3

0

1

0

1

0

0

0

0

0

1

1

3

0

0

0

8

FG

4

0

2

0

5

0

5

0

0

0

1

3

1

3

0

1

10

PF

2

0

1

0

2

0

3

0

0

0

1

9

Then the sensational part of the struggle began. Gaffney and Andres made good on free throws, Hatton tossed in a followshot, and Gaffney put the Cards into the lead with two beautiful shots from the side. Hatton again pierced the net for two points, and Andres added his second charity toss; and, while all this was going on, the Valpo five was unable to make a single point. Nor did St. Joe's air-tight defense permit them to get in for close set-ups during the rest of the contest. Valpo's long shooting availed nothing, and, as a result, St. Joe's Cards held Valparai-

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Valpo (11)

so U. absolutely scoreless in the entire second period. Nothing less than "sensational" could be a term for the De Cook team's guarding and shifting defense.

Gaffney and Andres proved themselves the lights of the evening, while Hatton and O'Riley turned in games of no little merit. Baran seemed to play the best game for the losers; Karr, who has been going "great guns" for the Valpo squad, was held without a point in the St. Joe tussle.

St. Joe (16)			
	\mathbf{FG}	\mathbf{FT}	PF
Gaffney f.	4	2	1
O'Riley f.	0	0	1
McCarthy f.	0	0	0
Van Nevel f.	0	0	0
Scharf f.	0	0	1
Hatton c.	2	0	2
Andres g.	0	2	1.
Beeler g.	0	0	0
Hession g.	0	0	1
	6	4	7

	\mathbf{FG}	\mathbf{FT}	PF
Karr f.	0	0	3
Luckens f.	0	0	0
Baran f.	2	2	1
Schoenherr f.	0	0	0
Giessing c.	1	1	2
Hellwig c.	0	0	0
Johnson g.	0	0	0
Koss g.	1	0	2
Krause g.	0	0	2
Rathburn g.	0	0	0

4

10

3

Referee — A. Etter
Umpire — R. Etter
Scorer — Leuterman
Timekeeper — Biven

Senior League Notes

The champion Sixths began the season's league activities by drowning the midget Seconds 38 - 12. Bill Hartlage tossed in 16 points and Scott 10 for the Seniors, while McGraw and H. Eder each hooped 4 to lead the Seconds' attack.

When the Fourths and Thirds tangled for the first time, a royal battle was bound to be the result. The Fourths emerged with a 27-14 victory, as Finan collected 10 points and Jim Thurin 7 for the Fourths, while Julius Thurin and Potts put up a hard fight for the Thirds.

The determined Seconds, out-fighting and out-playing the Fifths throughout the game, met with disappointment in the last two minutes of play, and upon the ejection of "Red" Green by way of personal fouls, lost a heartbreaking struggle to the college Freshmen, 12-10. The Fifths took advantage of those two minutes and pushed in three baskets for the two point margin of victory. Sterling, J. Eder, and Green were the outstanding performers for the Seconds; O'Connor and Froelich played steady ball for the Fifths.

The Seniors added another game to their credit by defeating the Fourths 37-15. La Noue and Rinderly stood out for the Sixths; Kelley and Gruber kept the ball bounding for the Fourths.

In one of the snappiest games of the senior league for some time, the Seconds

SPORTS

came through in a double overtime period to whip the Fourths, 20 - 16. The entire squad of Seconds played excellent ball, showing a fine bit of passing and shooting.

The Fifths had a hard time beating the Thirds, and again used the last few minutes effectively to win, 22 - 16, after trailing most of the way. Smolar and Steininger collected most of the points for the winners, while Julius Thurin played his usual good game for the Thirds.

O'Grady, Thornbury, and La Noue were the main causes why the Seniors won over the Thirds, 31 - 18. Julius Thurin, Potts, and Hanpeter helped to keep their elders from taking things too easy.

The Sixths went through the first round undefeated when they won over a scrappy Fifth year outfit, 16-10. Bill Hartlage garnered eleven points to clinch the game for the Seniors; Stack and Henrikson fought hard, but were unable to hold the opposition in check.

A ma Cherie
by

B. F. Sutton '36

The time has come for me to say
Just why I am so blue;
You bet, I'll have my little way
Because my love is true.

Then pardon me, because I try
Your tender feelings dear;
Within this bower 'neath the sky,
I hold you ever near.

No loving kiss to you I send
To bless your lips serene,
I hope my ways will not offend;
Forgive my being mean.

I know you're wrapped from scented leaves

To make a good cigar,

And while you burn, my sore heart grieves

To see you glow and char.

Now quickly I shall be alone
When you have turned to air;
My words can naught be but a groan
In ashes of despair.



Steininger, while on a fishing trip in Canada, hooked a very small trout one day. He reeled it in excitedly until it was rammed against the end of his rod. Then he turned inquiringly to the guide and said: "What do I do now?"

"Climb up the rod and stab it with your hunting knife!" the guide drawled.

Letter supposed to have been received by a New York attorney:

"Dear Sir: — My boy got struck by an automobile, No. 48726—B. If the owner is rich, sue him at once. The boy was not hurt any, but on your notifying me that you have brought suit, I will hit him in two or three places with a hammer."

Van Nevel: "We're having a terrible time in our locker-room with rats."

Muresan: "Why don't you get some rat biscuits?"

Van Nevel: "The heck with them. If they can't eat what we've got, let 'em starve."

Two Negroes who had not seen each other in five years discovered that each had been married during this time.

"What kinda woman did you-all get, Mose?" asked Rastus.

"She's an angel, Rastus, that's what she is."

"Boy you sho is lucky. Mine's still livin'," Rastus muttered sorrowfully. A new device proves that men talk faster than women. Of course — they have to.

The storm was increasing in violence and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped onto the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on anyone, but it seems to me that this is no time for setting off fireworks."

Political Speaker: "I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here tonight."

Soller: "Don't be too pleased. We aren't all dense."

A motorist had just crashed a telegraph pole. Wire and pole came down around his ears. They found him unconscious in the wreckage, but as they were untangling him he reached out feebly, fingered the wires and murmured: "Thank heaven, I lived clean — they've given me a harp."

Prefect: "Norbert, if another boy should strike your right cheek, what would you do?"

Dreiling: "I'd give him the other cheek to strike."

Prefect: "That's right."

Dreiling: "Yeah, and then if he hit me, I'd paralyze him."

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Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in
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SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 21, 22 Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery in "FORSAKING ALL OTHERS"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 24
Ramon Navarro and Evelyn Loye in
"THE NIGHT IS YOUNG"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 28, 29 Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in "BROADWAY BILL"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 31
Leo Corrillo and Louise Fazenda in
"WINNING TICKET"

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An Englishman went into a music shop run by another Englishman. "I want an E string," he said to the clerk, a new man of the Cockney type. "Would you mind picking it out yourself?" the clerk asked. "I don't know the 'es from the shes when it comes to fiddle strings."

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Murphy: "What's that in your pocket?"

Casey: "Dynamite. I'm waiting for O'Toole. Every time he meets me, he slaps me on the chest and breaks my pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off."

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Ferencak: "What's the difference? You're not going to give me anything."

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Father—"

Prefect: "Yes?"

Foohey: "Don't urge him."



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Professor: "Yes, Robert, 'amo' is the Latin word meaning 'I love.' Now what word suggests its opposite?"

Hatton: "Reno."

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"Oh, Daddy," said Margaret, "John asked me last night to marry him, but I told him that I couldn't leave Mamma."

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"Here's a pass to the carnival," said the Scotchman.

"Thank ye, Sandy," said his wife.

"And hark ye, Bonnie, when he comes to the trick where he takes a teaspoon o' sugar and one egg and makes fifteen sponge cake, watch verra careful." Compliments

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